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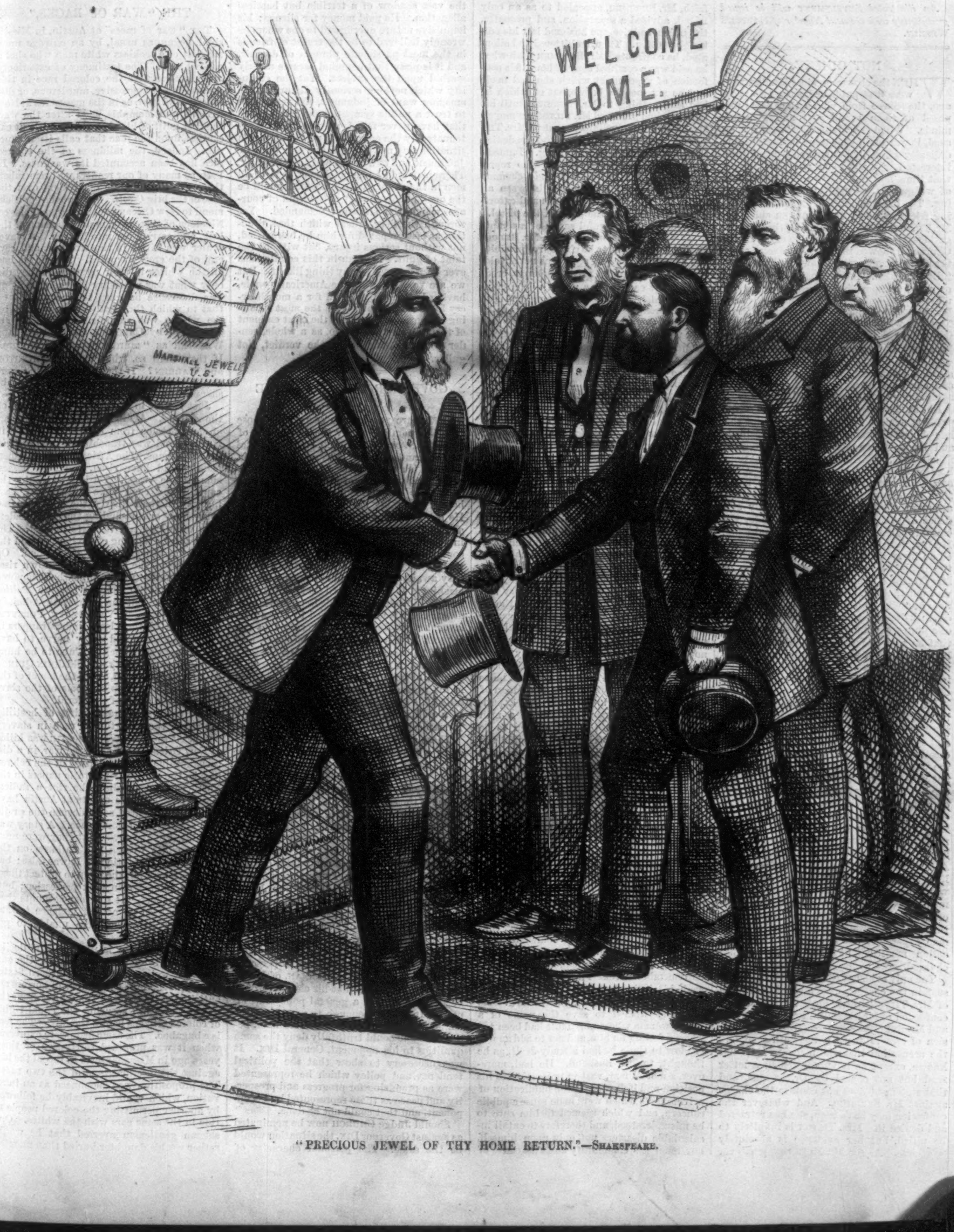
WELCOME HOME.
MARSHALL JEWELL
U.S.
Th. Nast

"PRECIOUS JEWEL OF THY HOME RETURN."—SHAKSPEARE.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, September 5, 1874.

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NOT GUILTY.

When the charges against Mr. Beecher were first published, some two years ago, the source from which they came disposed of them in all just and generous minds. When the "tripartite" card was issued, it was plain that there had been some difficulty which by common consent of those interested was not to be revealed. From that time, however, there was a great deal of whispering, shrugging, and head-shaking. The letter of Mr. Tilton to a complaining friend, that of Mr. Beecher shielding Mr. Tilton, his absolute denial, the Congregational Council, and the action of Plymouth Church all showed that there was some story that was not generally known and was carefully concealed. But against all innuendoes or open, irresponsible accusations, against all gossip and malice and uncharitableness, Mr. Beecher's character was his defense. To those who said that he ought to explain it was enough to reply that, on the contrary, he ought not to explain a charge which was not defined or responsibly made. For slander, like death, loves a shining mark, and character alone is conclusive evidence against mere gossip.

But in the letter to Dr. Bacon Mr. Tilton publicly made a charge which was not the less distinct because it was not specified, and he presented evidence in an extract from a letter of Mr. Beecher. By that publication the whole case was changed. A full and satisfactory explanation of the letter from Mr. Beecher became imperative; for, although silence was not necessarily evidence of guilt, it could not fail, under the circumstances, to breed infinite mischief. Mr. Beecher felt the necessity, and demanded an investigation. This was followed by the deliberate and detailed accusation of Mr. Tilton. The charge, as made by him, was not that Mr. Beecher had, as it were, unexpectedly slipped, but that he had with devilish design carefully corrupted the mind of a pure woman whom he meant to betray; that he was, in fact, not an offender in hot blood, but one of the most depraved and rotten of debauchees. A hurricane of disgusting scandal followed the publication of the charge, and blew for a month.

Mr. Beecher has been formally on trial before his church, but actually he has been tried by the country upon all the statements and evidence offered, so far as they were accessible. Indeed, the report of the committee was a matter in which the public were not profoundly interested, because if, on the one hand, the members were vitally concerned to know if their pastor was a man who could not be admitted to the intimacy of their families, on the other their pride as members of a famous church was enlisted to avert the blow that seemed to threaten it. At last Mr. Beecher's statement was published; and whatever may be thought of the wisdom of delay, and of the general management of his case, and of the character of some of his professional advisers, it seems to us that every generous mind familiar with human experience and the springs of human action must acquit him of the offense charged.

The only evidence that has been offered to sustain the charge is the alleged confession of Mrs. Tilton to her husband, the alleged confession of Mr. Beecher to Mr. Moulton, and Mr. Beecher's letters. But the confession of Mrs. Tilton has not been seen, and the accusation that she made in it is not known, except as it was stated in a letter read but not copied by Dr. Storrs, and that statement does not confirm the charge against Mr. Beecher. And whatever the confession may have been, she has retracted and denied it. Mrs. Tilton is infinitely to be pitied, but her evidence is absolutely worthless. As for Mr. Moulton, whatever he may now state, he wrote a letter to Mr. Beecher on the 1st of June, 1873, in reply to the most agonized of Mr. Beecher's letters, in which he said, "You can stand, if the whole case were published to-morrow." Mr. Moulton has disposed of himself as a witness. There remains, then, no evidence but the letters; and their morbidly gloomy and remorseful tone is explained in Mr. Beecher's narrative.

The Tiltons, married at a very early age, had grown up under Mr. Beecher's friendly and pastoral care. He was very fond of them, and they were justly proud of his regard. Happy in mutual confidence, Mr. Beecher admiring the young man, helped him to a conspicuous post as editor of the *Independent.* But Mr. Tilton's change of views upon social and family relations made his home unhappy—an unhappiness complicated by the feeling which the wife now entertained for the pastor, and which inflamed the mind of the husband. Pitying the young wife, and led to believe in the husband's want of faith, Mr. Beecher, appealed to as an only friend, advised a separation, and presently, through his advice, the husband lost his editorial position. Then, embittered and alienated, he confronted Mr. Beecher with what he said was a certified copy of his wife's confession of misconduct which she had made to him six months before, but of which he had said nothing to Mr. Beecher until his influence had procured Mr. Tilton's removal. Mr. Beecher immediately went to Mrs. Tilton, at her husband's request, and she denied the alleged confession in writing. Immediately afterward Mr. Moulton, who represented himself to Mr. Beecher as a common friend anxious to make peace between all concerned, came to Mr. Beecher and extorted the retraction at the point of the pistol.

Then begins the woful series of attempts to conceal a situation for which Mr. Beecher believed himself to be chiefly responsible: and a more melancholy story was never told. It is the tragedy of a great, generous, credulous heart caught in a net of vile circumstance which it does not comprehend and can not break. There are two things to be explained: one is the character of the letters, the other the desire of concealment. To understand the tone of the letters it must be remembered that Mr. Beecher had become convinced that he had brought all the sorrow upon the Tiltons without sufficient proof, and that his action had been criminally hasty. It seemed to him that he had used all the power of his great influence and renown—he, one of the most popular, successful, and flattered of men—to ruin the home and break the hearts of his young and cherished friends, and that, at the same time, he had taken the bread from their mouths, and heaped disgrace upon a young man whom he loved, and that he had done it all without real or adequate reason. The effect of such a conviction, under the circumstances, and upon a man of the most emotional temperament, may be imagined. He would naturally accuse himself of being the chief of sinners. Those who are familiar with the psychological phenomena of religious history and biography, or who have ever marked the effects of a morbidly sensitive conscience, the obscurity of perception, and the total disproportion between cause and effect, will not be in the least surprised by any consequent intensity and extravagance of expression. And yet such expression would be as ridiculously incomprehensible to a "man of the world" as any intense spiritual experience would be impossible. Such a man could easily believe the best of men to be guilty of the worst crime, but he could not conceive that any man might be tormented by the fear of hell because of unwise advice.

But while the character of the letters is naturally and readily explained, the concealment, as a matter of judgment, can not be defended. Yet the concealment, however fatal a mistake, is not, if we are correct in the estimate of the letters, evidence of guilt. Mr. Beecher frankly states that no one knows better than he that he has grievously erred in judgment, that he chose a wrong path, and accepted a disastrous guidance in the beginning, but that he can not admit his wish to suppress the scandal to have been a mistake. We think, on the contrary, that the result shows the best course to have been the publication long ago of the statement that he has now made. Yet it must be remembered that Tilton and Moulton were his intimate friends. He could not see them then as he sees them now. He naturally wished to save the name of a young woman whose only fault had been too warm a feeling for him, and not to add another blow to those he had already dealt, as he thought, to her husband. He had, moreover, a mortal fear, vast in proportion to his position and influence, of the publication of private facts which were in no sense a public concern, and which seemed to him sure to be misunderstood, and therefore to entail incalculable disasters not only upon himself, but upon the community and the cause of religion. The conduct and words of a man in this situation can readily be made harmonious with the foulest theory. The very sincerity of passionate expression will seem to a mind inflamed with anger and jealousy and suspicion, as well as to "men of the world," conclusive proof of an offense which they are willing to believe.

Mr. Beecher tells the whole dismal story of the attempted concealment. It is painfully strange and humiliating, but not improbable. All the means that he took to suppress the trouble now prove to have magnified it beyond precedent. Every step was a blunder. Every effort to hide what could not finally be hidden only gave a worse aspect to the inevitable revelation which always impended. What was perfectly innocent took the air of horrible guilt from the painfully elaborate and wholly unnecessary concealment. There was always one thing, and one thing only, to do; and that was never done. The consequence was that the life of a guiltless man became intolerable in the vast shadow of a terrible but baseless allegation. He paid money for silence; his impulsive nature overflowed to one whom he wrongly believed to be the truest of friends in the most passionate phrases of despair, and it is plain that his mind became utterly morbid upon the subject. Yet the credulity which nothing seriously disturbed, the amazing want of judgment, the reluctance to trust a public sympathy and intelligence that have never failed, may at least be extenuated by the entangling perplexities of a situation due not to guilt, but to a want of judgment and to a vague and nameless fear. There may well be astonishment that, of all men in the country, Mr. Beecher should be the one to show a want of the kind of courage which the situation demanded. Yet through the fiery ordeal which that situation at last prepared for him he has passed, not without serious injury, but without the taint of guilt. No man in this country has ever been exposed to any thing like it. But we are very sure that the American people, having heard and weighed for a month every kind of testimony upon the most revolting charges against one of the most eminent of their fellow-citizens, do, as a whole, render with all their hearts the verdict, Not guilty.

GOVERNOR DIX AND JUDGE CHURCH.

There are people who seem to suppose that the nomination by the Democrats of Judge Sanford E. Church would be fatal to the candidacy of Governor Dix. Mr. Church is an experienced Democratic leader from the interior of the State, who was, as the late Tweed management of his party hoped, honorably shelved upon the bench. He has long been conspicuous in his party, and in 1868, when the Tammany Democrats in the National Convention were trying to compass the nomination of Chief Justice Chase, they voted for Mr. Church while they awaited the favorable moment for unmasking. It is now stated that Mr. Church regards himself as a possible Democratic candidate in 1876, and it is urged by those who favor his nomination as Governor that the chances of his election are excellent, and that if he became Governor of New York he could not fail of going up higher. The ground of hope for his success in the State is his personal character, which is not assailed, his general good sense and sagacity as a politician, and his opposition to the Tweed control of his party.

These are all advantages; but in considering a candidate for the Chief Magistracy of the State there are two questions which every voter will ask himself. The first is, What are the character, capacity, and experience of the candidate? and second, What is the tendency and policy of his party? During the late Tweed epoch of the Democratic party every candidate nominated by it was certainly neither dishonest nor incapable. But the election of these candidates continued and confirmed the Tweed ascendency. So now a reputable candidate like Judge Church might be nominated, but his election would be the verdict of New York in favor of the chances of Democratic national administration. Two years ago the Democrats nominated a gentleman who is not inferior to Judge Church either in personal character or ability, Mr. Kernan, of Utica. But it was justly felt that his election would be the approval of a general policy full of peril. It was not enough to urge that Mr. Kernan was an honest and able man, because no one could truthfully deny the same qualities to his opponent, General Dix. It was necessary to show that the political tendency and policy which he represented were as promising for progress and prosperity and peace as those represented by his opponent, and that could not be done.

Should Judge Church now be nominated as against Governor Dix, the situation would be the same. The personal character of both candidates would be unimpeachable. In point of political and executive experience and training no one certainly would claim the advantage for Judge Church. The question, therefore, would arise, where in our system it ought always to arise, upon the general political policy, spirit, and tendency which each represents. The voter would ask himself whether it is desirable in the interest of order and peace and of the changed Union, of a sound system of finance, and an honorable conduct of foreign relations, to restore to power the Democratic party, with which the country is perfectly familiar. If the candidates were Governor Dix and Judge Church, and the voter thought this a desirable result, he would vote for Judge Church; if not, he would vote with all his heart for Governor Dix. And as Judge Church is evidently considered the strongest Democratic candidate in the State, what is true of him is true of any person whom the party can nominate.

THE "WAR OF RACES."

The "war of races" at Austin, in Mississippi, began, as usual, by an outrage upon the part of a reckless white man who shot a colored man. The testimony of experience is conclusive that the colored race in this country is not aggressive, murderous, or disorderly, and that, as in the massacres at New Orleans and Memphis, soon after the war, the first guilt of blood is, almost without exception, upon the race that calls itself superior. Indeed, the mildness of the colored race has been accounted its weakness. In 1841, as many of our readers will remember, there was great public excitement over the case of the brig *Creole.* She sailed from Richmond to New Orleans with a cargo of slaves. Nineteen of them rose, took possession of the brig, and carried her into Nassau. A slave-dealer was killed in the struggle, and several of the crew wounded. The slaves had all the whites in their power, but they did only what was necessary for their freedom. The difference between their conduct and that to which they had been subjected by the whites was sublime. But they were denounced by Calhoun and Benton and Webster as "murderers and mutineers." If they were so, what were Washington and Warren? If they were so, what were the men who were carrying them to the shambles in New Orleans?

Just before, in 1839, occurred the case of the *Amistad.* Against Spanish law a cargo of slaves stolen from Africa was landed in Havana, and was transhipped in the *Amistad* to Principe. The Africans rose, as Americans would have risen, and took possession of the vessel. During the fight the captain and cook were killed; but, having gained their liberty, the slaves spared every body else, including the slave-dealers who were carrying them to market. The victors knew nothing of navigation, and the vessel was brought into New London. On the shores of the harbor of that town rises the monument to Ledyard, who is honored by Americans for doing what the *Amistad* captives did. But the Democratic Administration of that day, Van Buren, Forsyth, Grundy, with their legal understrappers in Connecticut, strained every nerve to have the Africans sent back to Cuba to be hung as pirates and assassins. Old John Quincy Adams opposed them, saved the honor of the country, and held up the tools of the slave power to the scorn of the world.

The same malignant spirit of hostility shown to the unfortunate race in slavery pursues it to-day. When Dostie was killed at New Orleans, just after the war, in a disturbance due to white hatred of the colored people, the servile Democratic papers in the Northern States called the riot a radical massacre. The late events at Austin have been so represented as to deepen the prejudice against the colored race. A story was circulated in the town that they were murdering white women and children on the neighboring plantations. It was false; but the white men left the town to protect them, and the colored men took possession; but, says the report, "at the last accounts they had committed no acts of violence toward the few whites who were unable to get away."

The colored race is peaceful and docile, and its share of responsibility for the sorrow that weighs upon the Southern States is inappreciable. All manner of horrors are anticipated by some of the whites from the passage of a bill securing the equal rights of colored citizens before the law. The fear is a bugaboo. The same fears were expressed when it was proposed thirty-two or three years ago in Massachusetts to repeal the law against the intermarriage of the two races. The proposition was denounced as an innovation, which would inevitably be followed by another permitting the colored people to ride in the same cars with the whites. One solemn gentleman averred that he would rather see his daughter buried than married to a black man—the veteran argument in this lofty debate. And this simple act of common-sense was stigmatized as full of disasters to society, and piteous appeals were made to preserve the white race from the deterioration of amalgamation. The furious follies which have been uttered upon this subject of justice to the colored race would be incredible if we did not hear them repeated at every reasonable and just proposition of honorable conduct toward those whom the white race of this country has so long and cruelly oppressed. And we know nothing that would be so truly "conservative" at this moment as a little reflection and reading. The conduct of the slaves during the war, and their entire freedom from any thing that can be called social aggression since the war, should shield them from the charge of evil intent toward the whites, and from the suspicion of a desire of any thing but their equal rights as men and Americans.

THE BENCH AND POLITICS.

We speak elsewhere of the possible nomination of Judge Church by the Democratic party in New York. But the discussion of such a nomination has an interest beyond the State and for the whole country. Mr. Church is chief judge of the Court of Appeals, the highest tribunal in the State, and the mention of his name suggests the question that arose in the spring and summer of 1868, when it was known that Chief Justice Chase desired the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, and that many of the Democratic managers hoped to secure it for him. The question is very serious. The absolute independence of the judiciary is indispensable, and patriotism and good sense alike warn us to avoid any practice which tends to compromise it. Yet if the bench is to be considered as a stepping-stone to purely political offices, if, indeed, it is not to be regarded as a bar to such positions, its independence is necessarily imperiled. It is true that Washington sent John Jay from the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States to negotiate a treaty with Great Britain, and that he was elected Governor of New York while he was Chief Justice of the United States, and accepted the position. But there is no reason that a man of peculiar and special ability should not be summoned from the bench to discharge precisely such a duty as that for which Jay went to England. The best opinion of the country applauded the nomination by President Grant of Judge Nelson as one of the negotiators of the Treaty of Washington. Such a service is the very one for which an exception may justly be made, because a foreign treaty should be absolutely unpartisan.

It is to be regretted, however, that Chief Justice Jay, although in 1795 he was elected Governor during his absence and without his knowledge, had in 1792 consented to be nominated, after declining because of his position as Chief Justice. It is to be considered, however, that the time itself was exceptional, and that the men who had been most prominent in forming the new system felt it to be their duty to aid its practical operation in every way; and that the duty of absolute separation of the three great powers, and the perils of regarding judges as possible political candidates, were not as evident then as they have now become. The disposition to disregard this peril, and to consider judges as not practically debarred from the seductions of caucuses and conventions, ought to be imperatively checked. If Judge Church should accept a nomination as Governor, that fact alone should insure his defeat. Party managers and judges should be taught that political candidates are not to be taken from the bench. For judicial deliberations must be guarded, as far as possible, from that most insidious of influences in a free government, party spirit. The grave misfortune of the magistracy of Mr. Chase was the universal feeling that he had not left political aspirations behind; and his most conspicuous judicial opinion, that upon the legal tender, will always be tainted with the suspicion that it was affected by political considerations.

THE OLD MOLE.

The new constitution for the State of Ohio provided that the school taxes should be devoted to the maintenance of public schools, in which the children of all citizens, without regard to race or religion, should receive free instruction in the usual branches of an English education. This was a sensible, just, and thoroughly American and republican provision. Nothing could be fairer or wiser or more patriotic. It provided free unsectarian instruction for all the children in the State, of every religious faith or of none. But the political managers of the Roman Catholic Church are resolved that the members of that body shall not be equal American citizens. They will either command as they choose or they will not serve. And the *Catholic Telegraph*, of Cincinnati said, a little before the election upon adopting the constitution:

> "The duty of all Catholics of this State on the day of voting is plain, and can not be ignored without moral delinquency and civil disgrace. In full and unbroken ranks they must record their protest against a godless system of education by voting against a constitution that would fasten anew upon them the hands of gigantic robbery. Whoever can do any thing effectual toward the removal of this grievance will deserve to be classed among the great benefactors not only of his co-religionists, but of the whole country. Every Catholic citizen can do something toward the attainment of this great object by assisting to defeat this new instrument of oppression."

This is the old story. But it is worth noting because it shows the untiring character of the great enemy of the common-school system in this country. It shows again that there is one sect in the country which is a political party, and which acts, as a sect, for political results. "Every Catholic citizen," says the *Telegraph*, which is as if political appeals should be made to every Methodist and every Baptist citizen, a distinction not only unknown to our system, but vitally repugnant to it. The object of the Roman Catholic managers, as our readers know, is a division of the school moneys among the sects, to be spent by them upon sectarian schools. The result would be that instead of a nation of American citizens, we should have a huge camp of religious sects carefully inflaming all differences, and sinking into the worst form of despotism or civil war. Moreover, this division could be made only by the overthrow of one of the most fundamental principles of our own and of all sound government, that of religious liberty: the condition of which is that the State, as such, shall know no sects nor religious faiths, but shall scrupulously maintain the freedom of all.

The common schools are denounced by the Roman politicians as "godless," because they do not teach some form of religious faith. But in what sense reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic, when honestly and diligently taught, are "godless" none of the enemies of the schools have shown or can show. Such honest and useful instruction, indeed, seems to us much less "godless" than an effort to destroy the common-school system in the interest of sectarianism. Is the instruction in medical and engineering schools also "godless" because it is not sectarian? A more absurd proposition was never uttered than that it is the duty of the State directly or indirectly to teach religion, or that its instruction is irreligious because it does not inculcate certain dogmas. The "Catholic citizens" are citizens quite as much as Catholics, and their duty as American citizens is to maintain a system of public instruction which tends most to the harmony and strengthening of the government by diminishing sectarian intolerance and fury.

OCCASIONAL PAPERS FROM EUROPE.

No. XXVI.

In many of the departments of civil life the French are allowed to manage well. Their factories are often models of careful and well-directed industry. Their vineyards are treated with a scientific skill and prudence that insure a lasting productiveness. Their large farms are watched over and tended by such excellent management as is hardly surpassed in England. Frugality, industry, and temperance mark the larger part of their agricultural laborers, small farmers, mechanics, and even the city artisans. One might suppose that good sense must form the natural atmosphere of so industrious and temperate a people, and that a capacity for self-government would be the result of their frugal lives. Could they manage their political affairs as well as they have done their factories and their farms—could they apply the same principles of order, moderation, and constant vigilance to the care of their compact and united country—could, in fact, the rational and moderate majority of the population govern the land, France might flourish in good order and peace, a symbol of intelligent prosperity. Strange, indeed, is the contrast between the government of the state and that of its factories and farms. In one honest men rule, and the strictest frugality is enjoined; in the other duelists and profligates, charlatans, pretenders, lavish the resources of the nation, and plunder it at will. In the factory discretion governs; in the national administration it is wholly wanting. For generations and ages the more corrupt, the most depraved, men in the nation have ruled over the more honest. No discreet manufacturer could have intrusted the first Napoleon with the care of any portion of his capital without the certainty of being robbed; no one had ever any confidence in the last, who was a notorious gambler and spendthrift. Yet the people of France, helpless and spell-bound, have seen dynasty after dynasty, ministry after ministry, seize the reins of government, waste their rich profits in the wild orgies of the Tuileries, and end their career by plunging into some disastrous war.

It is stated that the people of France were strongly opposed to the attack upon Germany in 1870, and that Napoleon received remonstrances against it from so many quarters as almost to shake his resolution. Certainly no nation ever went into war so madly. Of the depraved and satyr-like throng of officials and marshals who haunted the balls and revels of the imperial court there seems to have been not one who possessed a rational intelligence. Lebœuf, who declared every thing ready, knew that the army was disorganized and almost dissipated by peculation and want of discipline. France could not collect 200,000 men to march to the frontier. There were no reserves. The fate of the nation was risked upon an adventure in which defeat was certain. Girardin foretold that the French soldiers would drive the Germans across the Rhine with the butts of their muskets, and the Parisian press abounded in coarse witticisms upon their adversaries. But the French people seem to have been conscious of an inevitable disaster. M'Mahon and Bazaine led their small force against united Germany, trusting apparently to the predictions of Girardin, and followed by the demi-monde of Paris. But the disorderly and dissolute host soon found itself enveloped by 400,000 Germans; its divided corps were beaten and dispersed. M'Mahon fled wildly to Chalons, Bazaine lingered in Metz; and when M'Mahon ventured again to leave his camp, it was to pursue a slow and strangely careless march or retreat to the fatal walls of Sedan. In its extremity France seems scarcely to have produced a soldier. In our own sad contest good generals sprang up every where from the common intelligence of the people; in France the corruptions and the servility of the imperial rule had destroyed even the fierce spirit of warfare. It is quite certain that, had the people been consulted, they would never have consented to so mad a scheme; war would have been averted, and Metz and Strasburg saved.

But to consult the people in France is almost impossible. Political meetings are forbidden by stringent laws; only the Church is allowed to hold its assemblies and its committees unimpeded. The press is carefully guarded, and the free utterance of the popular will suppressed. The *caucus*, which has performed so useful a part in our own politics, the gathering of the politicians of every commune and every village, the interchange of ideas, and the collision of opposing opinions, have no place in the French political contests. It is only in private and almost in secret discussions that the republicans have been able to win over to their side the majority of the laboring population, to awaken anew the Huguenot spirit of independence that seems to have survived the overthrow of the Huguenot faith, and to make every factory and workshop a political club for the confusion of Bourbons and pretenders. An important and radical change is admitted by all observers to have passed over the rural districts, and some gleams of intelligence are already lightening up the intense mental darkness which has so long covered the country voters. Prefects and priests are no longer able to lead them blindly to the polls. It is said that the novels of Messrs. Erckmann-Chatrian have had an extraordinary influence among the working classes. Full of the principles of 1789 and of that austere republicanism which for a moment ruled France, these popular pictures of a better age are read in every factory and almost every hamlet. Colporteurs carry them in their packs to the distant villages of the Pyrenees, and they have already supplanted in the rural districts the licentious pictures of Dumas, Feydeau, or Du Terrail. They teach history to minds that could seldom be reached by Thiers or Louis Blanc, and good morals to millions who have never heard any more instructive narratives than the legends of the saints. The Roman clergy dislike them, and the Septennate can hardly sanction their crusade against superstitious ignorance. But to the working-man they possess the fresh charm of moral purity. It must be forgiven to these gifted Alsacians that they preach to the people the deliverance of their native land, and with M. About repeat the senseless clamor against Germany.

The leaders of the French people are not their representatives in the sense in which England and America usually select their political agents. The absence of all the common machinery of clubs and caucuses forces the voters to fix upon men who are often known to them only at a distance. Manufacturers, traders, working-men, and even lawyers in the provinces are seldom chosen deputies. They have never been able to make themselves known among the people at public meetings and in private associations. The central government too often nominates and elects the deputies. Some noted or honorable act, a wide renown, an unmerited persecution, a high literary fame, a historical name and large landed possessions in the neighborhood, sometimes recommend the candidate to his constituents and insure their suffrages. In 1869 M. Jules Simon was proposed as a candidate in numerous departments. He was elected in Paris and the Gironde. M. Thiers has often been even more fortunate. The Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier owed his place among the deputies in 1871 to his large estates and his perhaps not always disinterested liberality.

But poverty is still honored among the French. It is because they are poor and unpurchasable—the Samuel Adams and Jefferson of their day—that Gambetta and Jules Simon rule over the affections of the people. Had Simon sought wealth, the imperial court would have laid open to him its boundless sources of corruption. When he was lodging on a fifth floor, in comparative want, the tempters from the Tuileries offered him a salary of $20,000 a year, a fine house and patronage, the Ministry of Public Instruction, and they added, with a keen glance of scrutiny, "the opportunity of doing good," "the friendship of his admirer, the Empress, who read all his books." Simon replied in language almost Scriptural, and kept his garret. He did not fall like Ollivier and gifted Prévost-Paradol. The people heard of it, and in 1869 elected him their deputy in two departments, and nominated him in many others. Simon when he was Minister of Public Instruction under Thiers sent Erckmann-Chatrian's novels to be read in all the French schools. He was born in 1814, and is of the elder class of French statesmen. But Gambetta is still in the opening of his ardent and active career. He has lived in poverty, or rather modest plainness, ever since he wandered a Bohemian barrister through the streets of Paris, watching eagerly for his first brief. Active, delicate, of feeble health, he denounced the empire in a sharp, resonant voice that echoed over France. He is blind of one eye. A severe affection of the throat sometimes silences him. He became the dictator of France in its extreme depression, and raised armies and money by a kind of magic. At the close of the war he was chosen deputy for nine departments. But he still remained poor where others made fortunes. And he lives in simplicity in a plain lodging, as if he had never waged a war of national defense. Gambetta, like most eminent men, learns something every day; his paper, *La République*, teaches reform, education, and, it may be hoped, a growing humanity. At the head of the party of peace, he might rule as the president of a real republic, and teach the world the true interest of nations.

Of the Bonapartist leaders who still retain some traces of political influence none have been scrupulous either in changing their principles or accepting bribes. Covered with decorations, crowned with sonorous titles, reveling in rich contracts and every form of peculation, the dukes, marshals, and all the members of the imperial court hid in a glitter of ceaseless revelry and of pretentious activity the chains they dragged heavily along. For them the richest wines, the rarest banquets, and all the hollow seductions of the Tuileries lay ever open. The Legion of Honor crowned them with the gay ribbon of servitude. If they were authors, the Empress admired, and perhaps read their books; if deputies, like Ollivier, she patronized their wives. The courtiers were endowed with a supreme authority over the shop-keepers and tradesmen of Paris, the government officials of the provinces, and over that Chamber of Deputies that was supposed to represent the people. Here for nearly twenty years as the jailer of France ruled M. Rouher. Noisy, dull, persevering, unscrupulous, Rouher was partly the victim of Napoleon's cunning, but more of his own indifference to moral law. He began life a liberal. His loud voice, empty rhetoric, and plodding brain seemed to the Emperor worth purchasing. The bargain was soon adjusted, and from 1851 to 1869 the faithful, ignorant, unscrupulous lawyer from Auvergne—the French Bœotia—held a despotic rule over the debating Assembly of France. In any common Assembly he must have taken the lowest rank. Of books he has no knowledge; he even wants wholly the common acuteness of the lawyer. But for nearly twenty years the abject community, bound, chained, and trampled upon, was forced to submit to whatever measures M. Rouher proposed, and even to accept his noisy declamation as eloquence. A swift blast of freedom has swept away one throng of glittering and noxious insects who were devouring France, and M. Rouher has ceased to be feared.

Eugene Lawrence.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

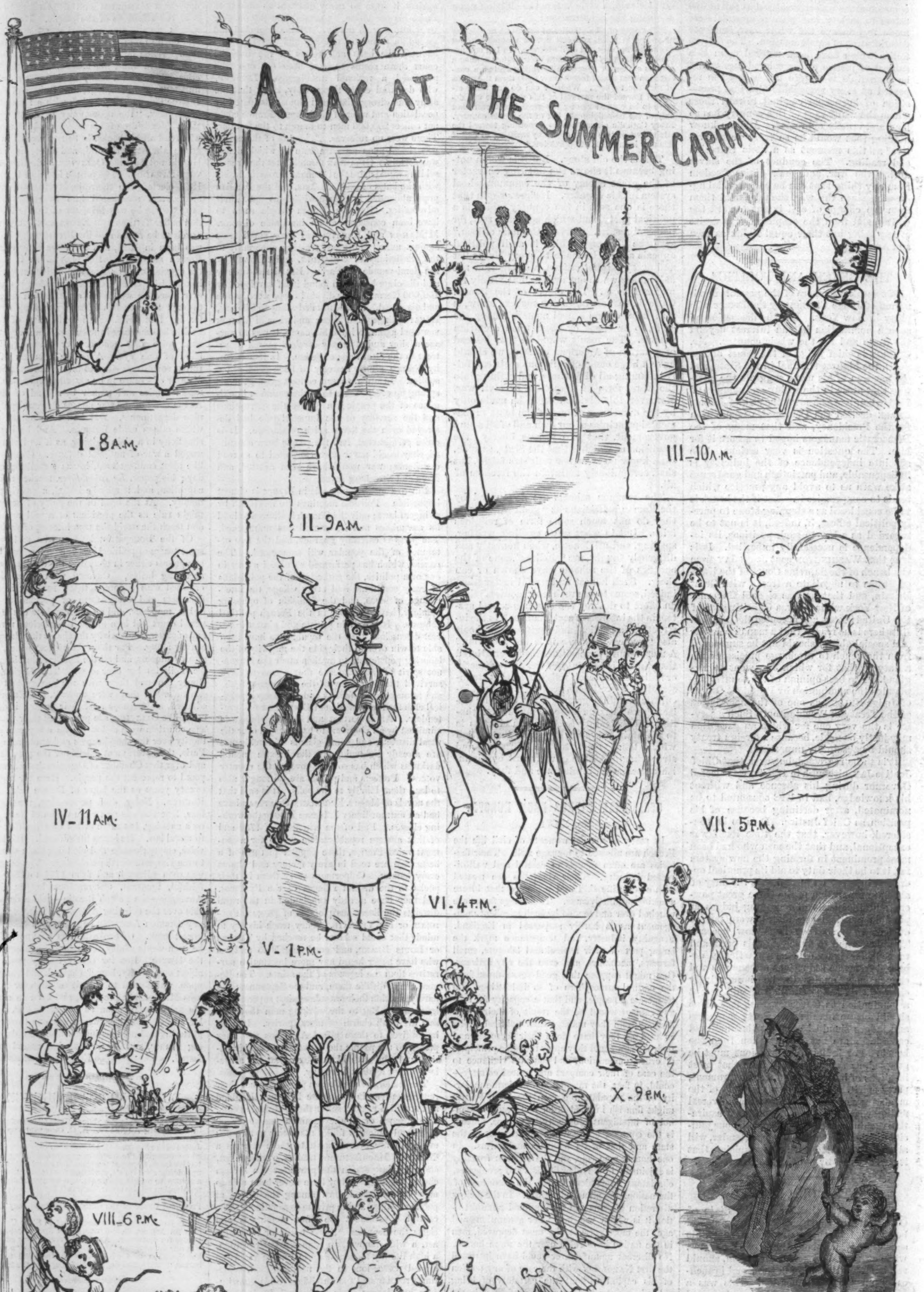
The Pennsylvania Republican State Convention met in Harrisburg August 19. A. G. Olmstead was nominated for Lieutenant-Governor, and E. M. Paxson for Judge of the Supreme Court. Resolutions were adopted condemning the Democratic party, favoring a protective tariff, opposing the Canadian reciprocity treaty, upholding civil rights, declaring for free banking and a return to specie payments, and recommending the nomination of Governor Hartranft for the next Presidency of the United States. A resolution indorsing President Grant in the event of his candidacy for a third term was voted down.

The Democrats of Tennessee met in State Convention on August 19, and nominated Judge James D. Porter for Governor. Among the resolutions adopted was one denouncing the Civil Rights Bill as "a palpable violation of the Constitution, intended to vex, harass, oppress, and degrade the people of the South."

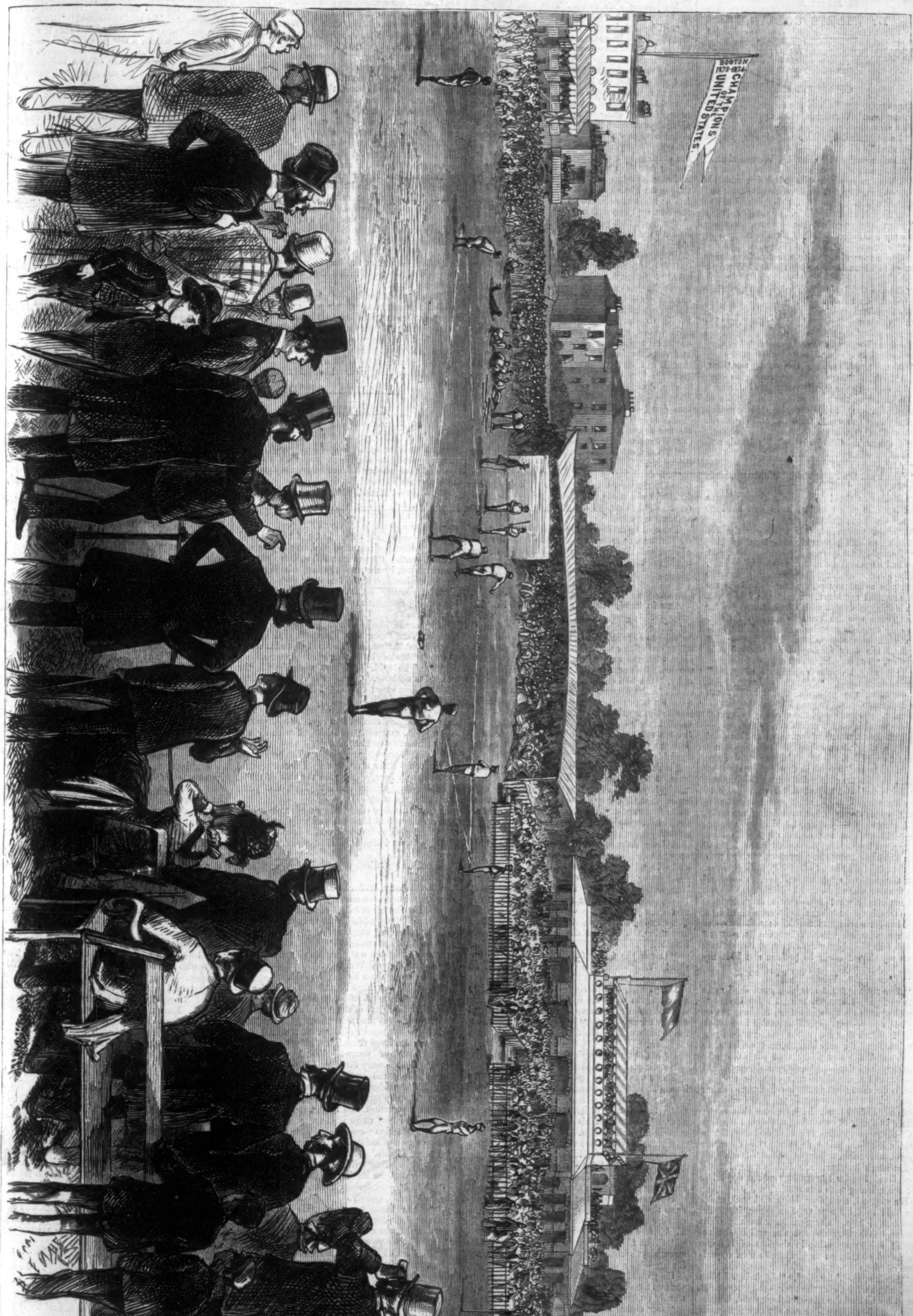
FOREIGN NEWS.

In Spain the Republican General Blanco is said to have defeated the Carlists, relieving Vitoria, and capturing twenty of the enemy's cannon and several convoys. On the other hand, the Carlists have captured Seo de Urgel, sixty-seven miles northeast of Lerida.

A serious accident befell Victor Hugo the other day. While walking in Passy he was violently struck on the head by a pole which projected from a passing cart, and for a time was rendered insensible.


A DAY AT THE SUMMER CAPITAL
I. 8 A.M.
II. 9 A.M.
III. 10 A.M.
IV. 11 A.M.
V. 1 P.M.
VI. 4 P.M.
VII. 5 P.M.
VIII. 6 P.M.
IX. 8 P.M.
X. 9 P.M.
XI. 11 P.M.

SKETCHES AT LONG BRANCH.—[DRAWN BY F. REGAMEY.]


BOSTON 1873-1874
CHAMPIONS OF THE UNITED STATES.

BASE-BALL IN ENGLAND—THE MATCH ON LORD'S CRICKET GROUNDS BETWEEN THE RED STOCKINGS AND THE ATHLETICS.—From a Sketch by Abner Crossman.—[See Page 742.]

THE FROZEN DEEP.

A Short Story.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

SECOND SCENE.—THE HUT OF THE "SEA-MEW."

CHAPTER IX.

CRAYFORD touched his friend on the shoulder to rouse him. Wardour looked up impatiently, with a frown.

"I was just asleep," he said. "Why do you wake me?"

"Look round you, Richard. We are alone."

"Well, and what of that?"

"I wish to speak to you privately; and this is my opportunity. You have disappointed and surprised me to-day. Why did you say it was all one to you whether you went or staid? Why are you the only man among us who seems to be perfectly indifferent whether we are rescued or not?"

"Can a man always give a reason for what is strange in his manner or his words?" Wardour retorted.

"He can try," said Crayford, quietly, "when his friend asks him."

Wardour's manner softened.

"That's true," he said. "I *will* try. Do you remember the first night at sea, when we sailed from England in the *Wanderer?*"

"As well as if it was yesterday."

"A calm, still night," the other went on, thoughtfully. "No clouds, no stars. Nothing in the sky but the broad moon, and hardly a ripple to break the path of light she made in the quiet water. Mine was the middle watch that night. You came on deck, and found me alone—"

He stopped. Crayford took his hand, and finished the sentence for him.

"Alone—and in tears."

"The last I shall ever shed," Wardour added, bitterly.

"Don't say that! There are times when a man is to be pitied indeed if he can shed no tears. Go on, Richard."

Wardour proceeded, still following the old recollections, still preserving his gentler tones.

"I should have quarreled with any other man who had surprised me at that moment," he said. "There was something, I suppose, in your voice when you asked my pardon for disturbing me that softened my heart. I told you I had met with a disappointment which had broken me for life. There was no need to explain further. The only hopeless wretchedness in this world is the wretchedness that women cause."

"And the only unalloyed happiness," said Crayford, "the happiness that women bring."

"That may be your experience of them," Wardour answered. "Mine is different. All the devotion, the patience, the humility, the worship, that there is in man I laid at the feet of a woman. She accepted the offering as women do—accepted it easily, gracefully, unfeelingly—accepted it as a matter of course. I left England to win a high place in my profession before I dared to win *her*. I braved danger and faced death. I staked my life in the fever swamps of Africa to gain the promotion that I only desired for her sake—and gained it. I came back to give her all, and to ask nothing in return but to rest my weary heart in the sunshine of her smile. And her own lips—the lips I had kissed at parting—told me that another man had robbed me of her. I spoke but few words when I heard that confession, and left her forever. 'The time may come,' I told her, 'when I shall forgive *you*. But the man who has robbed me of you shall rue the day when you and he first met.'—Don't ask me who he was! I have yet to discover him. The treachery had been kept secret; nobody could tell me where to find him; nobody could tell me who he was. What did it matter? When I had lived out the first agony I could rely upon myself—I could be patient and bide my time."

"Your time? What time?"

"The time when I and that man shall meet face to face. I knew it then, I know it now—it was written on my heart then, it is written on my heart now—we two shall meet and know each other! With that conviction strong within me, I volunteered for this service, as I would have volunteered for any thing that set work and hardships and danger like ramparts between my misery and me. With that conviction strong within me still, I tell you it is no matter whether I stay here with the sick or go hence with the strong. I shall live till I have met that man! There is a day of reckoning appointed between us. Here in the freezing cold or away in the deadly heat—in battle or in shipwreck—in the face of starvation, under the shadow of pestilence—I, though hundreds are falling around me, I shall live! live for the coming of one day! live for the meeting with one man!"

He stopped, trembling, body and soul, under the hold that his own terrible superstition had fastened on him. Crayford drew back in silent horror. Wardour noticed the action—he resented it—he appealed in defense of his one cherished conviction to Crayford's own experience of him.

"Look at me!" he cried. "Look how I have lived and thriven with the heart-ache gnawing at me at home, and the winds of the icy north whistling round me here! I am the strongest man among you. Why? I have fought through hardships that have laid the best-seasoned men of all our party on their backs. Why? What have *I* done that my life should throb as bravely through every vein in my body at this minute, and in this deadly place, as ever it did in the wholesome breezes of home? What am I preserved for? I tell you again, for the coming of one day—for the meeting with one man."

He paused once more. This time Crayford spoke.

"Richard!" he said. "Since we first met I have believed in your better nature against all outward appearance. I have believed in you, firmly, truly, as your brother might. You are putting that belief to a hard test. If your enemy had told me that you had ever talked as you talk now, that you had ever looked as you look now, I would have turned my back on him as the utterer of a vile calumny against a just, a brave, an upright man. Oh, my friend, my friend, if ever I have deserved well of you, put away these thoughts from your heart! Face me again with the stainless look of a man who has trampled under his feet the bloody superstitions of revenge, and knows them no more! Never, never let the time come when I can not offer you my hand as I offer it now to the man I can still admire—to the brother I can still love!"

The heart that no other voice could touch felt that appeal. The fierce eyes, the hard voice, softened under Crayford's influence. Richard Wardour's head sank on his breast.

"You are kinder to me than I deserve," he said. "Be kinder still, and forget what I have been talking about. No! no more about me; I am not worth it. We'll change the subject, and never go back to it again. Let's do something. Work, Crayford—that's the true elixir of *our* life! Work, that stretches the muscles and sets the blood a-glowing. Work, that tires the body and rests the mind. Is there nothing in hand that I can do? Nothing to cut? nothing to carry?"

The door opened as he put the question. Bateson—appointed to chop Frank's bed-place into firing—appeared punctually with his axe. Wardour, without a word of warning, snatched the axe out of the man's hand.

"What was this wanted for?" he asked.

"To cut up Mr. Aldersley's berth there into firing, Sir."

"I'll do it for you! I'll have it down in no time!" He turned to Crayford. "You needn't be afraid about me, old friend. I am going to do the right thing. I am going to tire my body and rest my mind."

The evil spirit in him was plainly subdued—for the time, at least. Crayford took his hand in silence, and then (followed by Bateson) left him to his work.

CHAPTER X.

AXE in hand, Wardour approached Frank's bed-place.

"If I could only cut the thoughts out of me," he said to himself, "as I am going to cut the billets out of this wood!" He attacked the bed-place with the axe, like a man who well knew the use of his instrument. "Oh me," he thought, sadly, "if I had only been born a carpenter instead of a gentleman! A good axe, Master Bateson—I wonder where you got it. Something like a grip, my man, on this handle. Poor Crayford! his words stick in my throat. A fine fellow! a noble fellow! No use thinking, no use regretting; what is said *is* said. Work! work! work!"

Plank after plank fell out on the floor. He laughed over the easy task of destruction. "Aha! young Aldersley! It doesn't take much to demolish your bed-place. I'll have it down! I would have the whole hut down if they would only give me the chance of chopping at it!"

A long strip of wood fell to his axe—long enough to require cutting in two. He turned it, and stooped over it. Something caught his eye—letters carved in the wood. He looked closer. The letters were very faintly and badly cut. He could only make out the first three of them; and even of those he was not quite certain. They looked like C. L. A.—if they looked like any thing. He threw down the strip of wood irritably.

"Damn the fellow (whoever he is) who cut this! Why should he carve *that* name, of all the names in the world?"

He paused, considering—then determined to go on again with his self-imposed labor. He was ashamed of his own outburst. He looked eagerly for the axe. "Work, work! Nothing for it but work." He found the axe, and went on again.

He cut out another plank.

He stopped, and looked at it suspiciously.

There was carving again on this plank. The letters F. and A. appeared on it.

He put down the axe. There were vague misgivings in him which he was not able to realize. The state of his own mind was fast becoming a puzzle to him.

"More carving," he said to himself. "That's the way these young idlers employ their long hours. F. A.? Those must be *his* initials: Frank Aldersley. Who carved the letters on the other plank? Frank Aldersley too?"

He turned the piece of wood in his hand nearer to the light, and looked lower down it. More carving again, lower down! Under the initials F. A. were two more letters: C. B.

"C. B.?" he repeated to himself. "His sweetheart's initials, I suppose? Of course—at his age—his sweetheart's initials."

He paused once more. A spasm of inner pain showed the shadow of its mysterious passage outwardly on his face.

"*Her* cipher is C. B.," he said, in low broken tones. "C. B.: Clara Burnham."

He waited, with the plank in his hand, repeating the name over and over again, as if it was a question he was putting to himself.

"Clara Burnham? Clara Burnham?"

He dropped the plank, and turned deadly pale in a moment. His eyes wandered furtively backward and forward between the strip of wood on the floor and the half-demolished berth. "O God! what has come to me now?" he said to himself, in a whisper. He snatched up the axe, with a strange cry—something between rage and terror. He tried—fiercely, desperately tried—to go on with his work. No! strong as he was, he could not use the axe. His hands were helpless; they trembled incessantly. He went to the fire; he held his hands over it. They still trembled incessantly; they infected the rest of him. He shuddered all over. He knew fear. His own thoughts terrified him.

"Crayford!" he cried out. "Crayford! come here, and let's go hunting."

No friendly voice answered him. No friendly face showed itself at the door.

An interval passed; and there came over him another change. He recovered his self-possession almost as suddenly as he had lost it. A smile—a horrid, deforming, unnatural smile—spread slowly, stealthily, devilishly, over his face. He left the fire; he put the axe away softly in a corner; he sat down in his old place, deliberately self-abandoned to a frenzy of vindictive joy. He had found the man! There, at the end of the world—there, at the last fight of the Arctic voyagers against starvation and death, he had found the man!

The minutes passed.

He became conscious, on a sudden, of a freezing stream of air pouring into the room.

He turned, and saw Crayford opening the door of the hut. A man was behind him. Wardour rose eagerly and looked over Crayford's shoulder.

Was it—could it be—the man who had carved the letters on the plank? Yes! Frank Aldersley!

CHAPTER XI.

"STILL at work!" Crayford exclaimed, looking at the half-demolished bed-place. "Give yourself a little rest, Richard. The exploring party is ready to start. If you wish to take leave of your brother officers before they go, you have no time to lose."

He checked himself there, looking Wardour full in the face.

"Good Heavens!" he cried, "how pale you are! Has any thing happened?"

Frank—searching in his locker for articles of clothing which he might require on the journey, looked round. He was startled, as Crayford had been startled, by the sudden change in Wardour since they had last seen him.

"Are you ill?" he asked. "I hear you have been doing Bateson's work for him. Have you hurt yourself?"

Wardour suddenly moved his head, so as to hide his face from both Crayford and Frank. He took out his handkerchief and wound it clumsily round his left hand.

"Yes," he said. "I hurt myself with the axe. It's nothing. Never mind. Pain always has a curious effect on me. I tell you it's nothing! don't notice it!"

He turned his face toward them again as suddenly as he had turned it away. He advanced a few steps, and addressed himself with an uneasy familiarity to Frank.

"I didn't answer you civilly when you spoke to me some little time since. I mean when I first came in here, along with the rest of them. I apologize. Shake hands! How are you? Ready for the march?"

Frank met the oddly abrupt advance which had been made to him with perfect good humor.

"I am glad to be friends with you, Mr. Wardour. I wish I was as well seasoned to fatigue as you are."

Wardour burst into a hard, joyless, unnatural laugh.

"Not strong, eh? You don't look it. The dice had better have sent me away, and kept you here. I never felt in better condition in my life." He paused, then added, with his eye on Frank, and with a strong emphasis on the words, "We men of Kent are made of tough material."

Frank advanced a step on his side, with a new interest in Richard Wardour.

"You come from Kent?" he said.

"Yes. From East Kent." He waited a little once more, and looked hard at Frank. "Do you know that part of the country?" he asked.

"I ought to know something about East Kent," Frank answered. "Some dear friends of mine once lived there."

"Friends of yours?" Wardour repeated. "One of the county families, I suppose?"

As he put the question he abruptly looked over his shoulder. He was standing between Crayford and Frank. Crayford, taking no part in the conversation, had been watching him and listening to him more and more attentively as that conversation went on. Within the last moment or two Wardour had become instinctively conscious of this. He resented Crayford's conduct with needless irritability.

"Why are you staring at me?" he asked.

"Why are you looking unlike yourself?" Crayford answered, quietly.

Wardour made no reply. He renewed the conversation with Frank.

"One of the county families?" he resumed. "The Witherbys of Yew Grange, I dare say?"

"No," said Frank; "but friends of the Witherbys, very likely. The Burnhams."

Desperately as he struggled to maintain it, Wardour's self-control failed him. He started violently. The clumsily wound handkerchief fell off his hand. Still looking at him attentively, Crayford picked it up.

"There is your handkerchief, Richard," he said. "Strange!"

"What is strange?"

"You told us you had hurt yourself with the axe—"

"Well?"

"There is no blood on your handkerchief."

Wardour snatched the handkerchief out of Crayford's hand, and, turning away, approached the outer door of the hut. "No blood on the handkerchief," he said to himself. "There may be a stain or two when Crayford sees it again." He stopped within a few paces of the door, and spoke to Crayford. "You recommended me to take leave of my brother officers before it was too late," he said. "I am going to follow your advice."

The door was opened from the outer side as he laid his hand on the lock.

One of the quartermasters of the *Wanderer* entered the hut.

"Is Captain Helding here, Sir?" he asked, addressing himself to Wardour.

Wardour pointed to Crayford.

"The lieutenant will tell you," he said.

Crayford advanced, and questioned the quartermaster.

"What do you want with Captain Helding?" he asked.

"I have a report to make, Sir. There has been an accident on the ice."

"To one of your men?"

"No, Sir. To one of our officers."

Wardour, on the point of going out, paused when the quartermaster made that reply. For a moment he considered with himself. Then he walked slowly back to the part of the room in which Frank was standing. Crayford, directing the quartermaster, pointed to the arched doorway in the side of the hut.

"I am sorry to hear of the accident," he said. "You will find Captain Helding in that room."

For the second time, with singular persistency, Wardour renewed the conversation with Frank.

"So you knew the Burnhams?" he said. "What became of Clara when her father died?"

Frank's face flushed angrily on the instant.

"Clara?" he repeated. "What authorizes you to speak of Miss Burnham in that familiar manner?"

Wardour seized the opportunity of quarreling with him.

"What right have you to ask?" he retorted, coarsely.

Frank's blood was up. He forgot his promise to Clara to keep their engagement secret; he forgot every thing but the unbridled insolence of Wardour's language and manner.

"A right which I insist on your respecting," he answered. "The right of being engaged to marry her."

Crayford's steady eyes were still on the watch, and Wardour felt them on him. A little more, and Crayford might openly interfere. Even Wardour recognized, for once, the necessity of controlling his temper, cost him what it might. He made his apologies, with overstrained politeness, to Frank.

"Impossible to dispute such a right as yours," he said. "Perhaps you will excuse me when you know that I am one of Miss Burnham's old friends. My father and her father were neighbors. We have always met like brother and sister—"

Frank generously stopped the apology there.

"Say no more," he interposed. "I was in the wrong—I lost my temper. Pray forgive me."

Wardour looked at him, with a strange, reluctant interest, while he was speaking. Wardour asked an extraordinary question when he had done.

"Is she very fond of you?"

Frank burst out laughing.

"My dear fellow!" he said, "come to our wedding—and judge for yourself."

"Come to your wedding?" As he repeated the words Wardour stole one glance at Frank, which Frank (employed in buckling his knapsack) failed to see. Crayford noticed it—and Crayford's blood ran cold. Comparing the words which Wardour had spoken to him while they were alone together with the words that had just passed in his presence, he could draw but one conclusion. The woman whom Wardour had loved and lost was—Clara Burnham. The man who had robbed him of her was Frank Aldersley. And Wardour had discovered it in the interval since they had last met. "Thank God!" thought Crayford, "the dice have parted them! Frank goes with the expedition, and Wardour stays behind with me."

The reflection had barely occurred to him—Frank's thoughtless invitation to Wardour had just passed his lips—when the canvas screen over the doorway was drawn aside. Captain Helding and the officers who were to leave with the exploring party returned to the main room on their way out. Seeing Crayford, Captain Helding stopped to speak to him.

"I have a casualty to report," said the captain, "which diminishes our numbers by one. My second lieutenant, who was to have joined the exploring party, has had a fall on the ice. Judging by what the quartermaster tells me, I am afraid the poor fellow has broken his leg."

"I will supply his place," cried a voice at the other end of the hut.

Every body looked round. The man who had spoken was Richard Wardour.

Crayford instantly interfered—so vehemently as to astonish all who knew him.

"No!" he said. "Not you, Richard! not you!"

"Why not?" Wardour asked, sternly.

"Why not, indeed?" added Captain Helding. "Wardour is the very man to be useful on a long march. He is in perfect health, and he is the best shot among us. I was on the point of proposing him myself."

Crayford failed to show his customary respect for his superior officer. He openly disputed the captain's conclusion.

"Wardour has no right to volunteer," he re-joined. "It has been settled, Captain Helding, that chance shall decide who is to go, and who is to stay."

"And chance *has* decided it," cried Wardour. "Do you think we are going to cast the dice again, and give an officer of the *Sea-Mew* a chance of replacing an officer of the *Wanderer?* There is a vacancy in our party, not in yours, and we claim the right of filling it as we please. I volunteer, and my captain backs me. Whose authority is to keep me here after that?"

"Gently, Wardour," said Captain Helding. "A man who is in the right can afford to speak with moderation." He turned to Crayford. "You must admit yourself," he continued, "that Wardour is right this time. The missing man belongs to my command, and in common justice one of my officers ought to supply his place."

It was impossible to dispute the matter further. The dullest man present could see that the captain's reply was unanswerable. In sheer despair, Crayford took Frank's arm and led him aside a few steps. The last chance left of parting the two men was the chance of appealing to Frank.

"My dear boy," he began, "I want to say one friendly word to you on the subject of your health. I have already, if you remember, expressed my doubts whether you are strong enough to make one of an exploring party. I feel those doubts more strongly than ever at this moment. Will you take the advice of a friend who wishes you well?"

Wardour had followed Crayford. Wardour roughly interposed before Frank could reply.

"Let him alone!"

Crayford paid no heed to the interruption. He was too earnestly bent on withdrawing Frank from the expedition to notice any thing that was said or done by the persons about him.

"Don't, pray don't, risk hardships which you are unfit to bear!" he went on, entreatingly. "Your place can be easily filled. Change your mind, Frank. Stay here with me."

Again Wardour interfered. Again he called out, "Leave him alone!" more roughly than ever. Still deaf and blind to every consideration but one, Crayford pressed his entreaties on Frank.

"You owned yourself just now that you were not well seasoned to fatigue," he persisted. "You feel (you *must* feel) how weak that last illness has left you. You know (I am sure you know) how unfit you are to brave exposure to cold, and long marches over the snow."

Irritated beyond endurance by Crayford's obstinacy—seeing, or thinking he saw, signs of yielding in Frank's face—Wardour so far forgot himself as to seize Crayford by the arm and attempt to drag him away from Frank. Crayford turned and looked at him.

"Richard," he said, very quietly, "you are not yourself. I pity you. Drop your hand."

Wardour relaxed his hold, with something of the sullen submission of a wild animal to its keeper. The momentary silence which followed gave Frank an opportunity of speaking at last.

"I am gratefully sensible, Crayford," he began, "of the interest which you take in me—"

"And you will follow my advice?" Crayford interposed, eagerly.

"My mind is made up, old friend," Frank answered, firmly and sadly. "Forgive me for disappointing you. I am appointed to the expedition. With the expedition I go." He moved nearer to Wardour. In his innocence of all suspicion, he clapped Wardour heartily on the shoulder. "When I feel the fatigue," said poor simple Frank, "you will help me, comrade, won't you? Come along!"

Wardour snatched his gun out of the hands of the sailor who was carrying it for him. His dark face became suddenly irradiated with a terrible joy.

"Come!" he cried. "Over the snow and over the ice! Come! where no human footsteps have ever trodden, and where no human trace is ever left!"

Blindly, instinctively, Crayford made an effort to part them. His brother officers, standing near, pulled him back. They looked at each other anxiously. The merciless cold, striking its victims in various ways, had struck in some instances at their reason first. Every body loved Crayford. Was he too going on the dark way that others had taken before him? They forced him to seat himself on one of the lockers. "Steady, old fellow!" they said, kindly—"steady!" Crayford yielded, writhing inwardly under the sense of his own helplessness. What in God's name could he do? Could he denounce Wardour to Captain Helding on bare suspicion—without so much as the shadow of a proof to justify what he said? The captain would decline to insult one of his officers by even mentioning the monstrous accusation to him. The captain would conclude, as others had already concluded, that Crayford's mind was giving way under stress of cold and privation. No hope—literally, no hope now—but in the numbers of the expedition. Officers and men, they all liked Frank. As long as they could stir hand or foot, they would help him on the way—they would see that no harm came to him.

The word of command was given; the door was thrown open; the hut emptied rapidly. Over the merciless white snow—under the merciless black sky—the exploring party began to move. The sick and helpless men, whose last hope of rescue centred in their departing messmates, cheered faintly. Some few, whose days were numbered, sobbed and cried like women. Frank's voice faltered as he turned back at the door to say his last words to the friend who had been a father to him.

"God bless you, Crayford!"

Crayford broke away from the officers near him, and hurrying forward, seized Frank by both hands. Crayford held him as if he would never let him go.

"God preserve you, Frank! I would give all I have in the world to be with you. Good-by! Good-by!"

Frank waved his hand, dashed away the tears that were gathering in his eyes, and hurried out. Crayford called after him, the last, the only, warning that he could give:

"While you can stand, keep with the main body, Frank!"

Wardour, waiting till the last—Wardour, following Frank through the snow-drift—stopped, stepped back, and answered Crayford at the door:

"While he can stand, he keeps with Me."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PERSONAL.

THE Rev. **William Morley Punshon**, one of the most eloquent preachers of the day, has been elected, with great unanimity, President of the British Wesleyan Conference for the ensuing year.

—It is with an excess of regret that the press is called upon to diffuse the intelligence of the death of Mr. **Sloan**, lately editor of the Salt Lake *Herald*. **Sloan** was one of those versatile men. He was the author of several dramatic productions and numerous poems, though his principal effusions were two excellent directories.

—Dean **Stanley** preached to the volunteers at Wimbledon, his subject being **David**'s fight with the giant of Gath. In the course of his sermon the dean remarked that what gave such a charm to the Biblical incident from which he took his text was the fact that **David**, "a young volunteer, sneered at by the regular army, redeemed the honor of his country."

—In Europe, as in this country and in all civilized countries, the men of great opulence are not they who flaunt it in the face of the public. Millionaires ordinarily do not brag. Baron **Anselm Rothschild**, who died recently near Vienna, was supposed to be worth over $200,000,000. By his express directions his funeral was celebrated without any pomp. The hearse was drawn by two horses, and followed only by a few servants. The Israelites of our town never spend money on that sort of thing. It is only the *parvenu*.

—The sons of the late **William Tilden**, of this city, have given $5000 to increase the library and apparatus in the Tilden Ladies' Seminary, at Mount Lebanon, New Hampshire, erected and endowed by him.

—Mr. **Bonamy Price**, an eminent scholar, and Professor of Political Economy in the University of Oxford, proposes to visit this country during the month of September, and may possibly be induced to deliver some lectures. The eminent British scholars and scientists who have visited us have gracefully yielded to invitations of that description where prospective remuneration seemed sure.

—Chief Justice **Daly**, of the Common Pleas, of this city, and president of the American Geographical Society, attended the recent anniversary dinner of the Royal Geographical Society, in London, and was treated with marked consideration by the officers and members.

—**John Adams** once remarked that New England had four institutions any one of which would have led to national independence. These were the Congregational Church, the town meeting, the volunteer militia, and the free school.

—During the last session of Congress a bill was passed directing a gold medal to be struck and presented to **John Horn**, Jun., of Detroit, in recognition of his services in saving persons from drowning. He has saved at least one hundred persons from a watery grave, and has given the names and circumstances attending their rescue. In several cases he came near losing his own life by struggling with his victims, and was repeatedly confined to his bed by sickness resulting from his efforts. The medal is soon to be struck at the Philadelphia Mint, and will be presented in due form.

—Mr. **William Cullen Bryant** recently visited Plymouth for the first time since 1815, when he was admitted to the bar there, having studied law with the Hon. **William Baylies**, of West Bridgewater. Although nearly eighty years of age, he went about enjoying himself with all the zest of a youngster of fifty.

—**Henry Brugsch-Bey**, vice-president of the free schools of Cairo, has made investigations about old Egyptian matters, the result of which will be of great interest to Biblical students. He is a very learned man, and has spent a long time in studying ancient records, and in examining the country in order to test the Bible account. According to the record given by **Moses**, that leader, having obtained permission from **Pharaoh** to take the children of Israel into the desert to offer sacrifices to the Almighty, conducted them out of Raamses, and thence by several short journeys to the sea. The effort of **Brugsch-Bey** has been to find the city of Raamses, to trace the journey, and to discover a point where the passage could have been made without supposing an absolute miracle.

—Englishmen have frequently noticed anonymous gifts of £1000 to national and metropolitan charities. An incident has lately occurred from which it is pretty certain that the donor "who does good by stealth and blushes to find it fame" is no less a personage than Queen **Victoria**, who in this manner has given away upward of £100,000.

—For the first time in the religious history of Kentucky, a colored minister preached in a church composed of whites in Louisville on the 16th of August. The preacher was Bishop **Miles**, the senior bishop of the Colored Methodist Church, and recognized as its ablest representative. The sermon was preached in the Rev. Mr. **Settle**'s church. Bishop **Miles** is a large man, and very dignified. His style is fervid and eloquent, and there is no hesitation of language or thought.

—There died recently in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, the editor of the *Telegraph*, published in that place. He was a character. His management of affairs was full of contradictions. His paper never had a line of telegraphic news in its columns during his connection with it, and yet, as a sheer party organ, had a larger circulation than the *Patriot*, an ably conducted paper, with as copious and well-selected telegraphic news as could be expected in a city of only thirty thousand inhabitants. His job office was as far behind as his paper, for not a single steam-press was admitted into it. In addition to these two fossilized institutions, he ran a cheap bookstore opposite the newspaper office, and divided his time equally between the post-office, the newspaper office, the job office, and the cheap bookstore.

—The Comte de Paris has recently raised $600,000 for the purpose of repairing the Château d'Eu, and that of Amboise.

—The Mikado of Japan is developing into the practical business man. In a recent number of his "organ" he advertises a fine lot of images, one of which is described as "a very fine idol, with six arms. It is fifteen feet high, and was cast at Sheffield."

—Several hundred Boston men attended the funeral of a tame bear a few days ago in the neighborhood of that city. An invitation to be present was sent to the Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table, who responded as follows:

> "DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for your polite invitation to attend the obsequies of the lamented plantigrade. I am sorry that it will not be in my power to be present upon the melancholy occasion. I have a great respect for bears since those two female ones taught the little children of Bethel and of Belial that they must not be rude to elderly persons. I think a loose bear or two might be of service in our community, and I regret much the loss of an animal who might have done so much as a moral teacher for the young of this city and its suburbs. I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,
>
> O. W. HOLMES."

—A son of **Powers** the sculptor is negotiating for the purchase of the place in Woodstock, Vermont, on which stands the house where his father was born. He proposes to pull down the old house, and after erecting on its site in 1878 a bust of his father, to give the whole to the village, which he ultimately hopes to make his own home.

—The Chicago Board of Trade have been having much good time with the Governor-General of Canada. His lordship made them a very neat speech. He said it would not become him, as Governor-General of Canada and representative of the Crown, to express his sentiments on any political question, but he could say that the government of Great Britain and that of Canada desired to pursue those policies that would tend to increase and develop the personal relations that now bind those powers to the United States. His government did not imagine that in any agreement or treaty a one-sided bargain was desirable or possible, and he believed our people were actuated by the same honorable sentiments in regard to Canada. It would ever be his most earnest wish to endeavor to promote the joint interests of the United States and Canada, and bring the two countries into closer relations. Of course the speech was loudly applauded. The earl is proving himself one of the most popular of governors, though there were people so envious as to say that it was a shame to recall his predecessor, Lord **Monk**, merely to put an old Duffer-in his place.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

AUGUST.

Sunday,	30.—Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.

SEPTEMBER.

Sunday,	6.—Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	13.—Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday,	15.—National Conference of Unitarian Churches, Saratoga.
Sunday,	20.—Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Monday,	21.—St. Matthew the Evangelist.
Sunday,	27.—Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday,	29.—St. Michael and all Angels.
Wednesday,	30.—National Congregational Council, New Haven.

THE Church Congresses of England, which have grown to be important meetings, have inspired the ministers and laymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church to hold a like assembly in the United States. It will open in this city on Monday evening, October 5, and continue in session until the 8th. On Wednesday, the 7th of October, the Triennial Convention begins. The topics proposed for discussion in the Congress are, Tuesday, October 6, "What are the Limits of Legislation as to Doctrine and Ritual?" and "Clerical Education;" Wednesday, "The Relations of this Church to other Christian Bodies;" Thursday, "In what Sense is private Confession permissible in this Church?" and the "Mutual Christian Obligations of Capital and Labor." Papers or addresses are expected from Bishop **Bedell** and Drs. **De Koven**, **John Cotton Smith**, **Hugh Miller Thompson**, **S. H. Tyng**, Jun., Judges **Sheffey** and **Spalding**, and others. The Church Congresses of England are attended by great crowds, and are occasions of earnest and vigorous debate.

The Southern Methodist Episcopal Church shortly after the end of the war organized its numerous colored members into a distinct body. This is now known as the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. Its third General Conference began in Louisville August 5. On the second day the bishops reported that the Book Concern, which is prosperous, had been removed from Memphis to Louisville. They recommend that the official newspaper, the *Index*, be published oftener than monthly. They advised no additional bishops, four, the present number, being considered enough. A plan of education was presented by them, in which it appeared that ground had been purchased in Louisville for a theological seminary.

Dr. **M'Cosh**, the president of Princeton College, has received the compliment of a public breakfast from the citizens of Belfast, Ireland. In that city he spent, before coming to America, sixteen years as Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in Queen's College. In his address Dr. **M'Cosh** took occasion to contradict Professor **Goldwin Smith**'s statements that Americans cherish a strong dislike of England. On this point he said that "among the great mass of the American people there was now the warmest feeling of friendship toward England; and if any man had now the impudence to stand up in a public meeting and make a single offensive allusion to Great Britain, the whole audience would utter a protest of a decisive kind, and, he believed, would put him down on the instant."

This statement was received by the audience with unbounded satisfaction.

The Norwegian Evangelical Lutheran Church in America held its Synod in Holden, Minnesota, in June. Fifty-eight ministerial and one hundred and twenty-eight lay delegates were present. The topics most discussed were "Absolution" and "Parochial Schools." A beginning was made for the founding of a Teachers' Seminary at Red Wing. It was also resolved to send a missionary to the Norwegian Lutherans in Australia. The contributions of the Synod for foreign missions pass through the hands of the Lutheran Missionary Society of Norway.

An important decision has been made in the **Cheney-Whitehouse** case by the court sitting in Chicago. An injunction restraining Mr. **Cheney** from preaching in Christ Church, and the congregation from using the property, had been asked for. Judge **Williams** decided that "a church court more nearly resembles a court of arbitration than a civil tribunal, and that by the law governing arbitrations all the arbitrators must be present at the hearing; that the court for the first trial of Mr. **Cheney** consisting of five assessors, and only four being present, its action was void. Mr. **Cheney** has never, therefore, been legally dismissed from the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church." The injunction was refused.

A very remarkable Sunday-school Conference has just closed at Chautauqua Lake, New York. The assembly met in a grove, where cottages and tents were provided for their accommodation. Here they remained a week. Normal classes were led, theories of teaching discussed, children's meetings held, and object lessons illustrated. Mr. **Frank Beard**, the artist, presided at the blackboard. Several denominations of Christians were represented by the best-known Sunday-school men. Dr. **Vincent** was director, and was ably supported by his many associates.

The Methodists of Canada, having completed their union, will meet early in September in General Conference. It will be the business of this body to complete the details necessary for the administration of the united Church; among the rest will be the preparation of a new Book of Discipline. The statistics of the Wesleyans of Canada, just published, show three Conferences (Toronto, London, and Montreal), 696 ministers, and 73,567 members. In the General Conference of the united Church the laity will be represented by their own delegates.

The statement made by Dean **Stanley** at the unveiling of the **Bunyan** statue, that **Defoe** was a Presbyterian, has been called in question. The *Christian World*, of London, says: "Some years ago the late Mr. **George Offor**, well known as the editor of the standard edition of **Bunyan**'s works, stated that on full research he found **Defoe** to have been a Baptist. Mr. **Offor** not only submitted documentary evidence to sustain this claim, but also to show to what particular church in London he was united."

After a delay of eleven months the Holy Synod of Greece has elected a primate and metropolitan to fill the place of Archbishop **Theophilus**, deceased. The choice fell upon **Procopius**, Archbishop of Messenia. The new primate is described as a man of singular modesty and piety. He resisted for a long time the earnest wish of the Synod that he should accept the office, and finally yielded upon the solicitation of the king.

The *Jewish Messenger* reports the death, at the age of ninety-eight years, of **Abraham Firkowitsch**, the assiduous collector of Hebrew-Arabic manuscripts. The **Firkowitsch** manuscripts number 1500, and are preserved in the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg. They were gathered from Turkey, Syria, Palestine, Persia, and the Caucasus; some of them are very ancient, and contain important parts of the Old Testament.

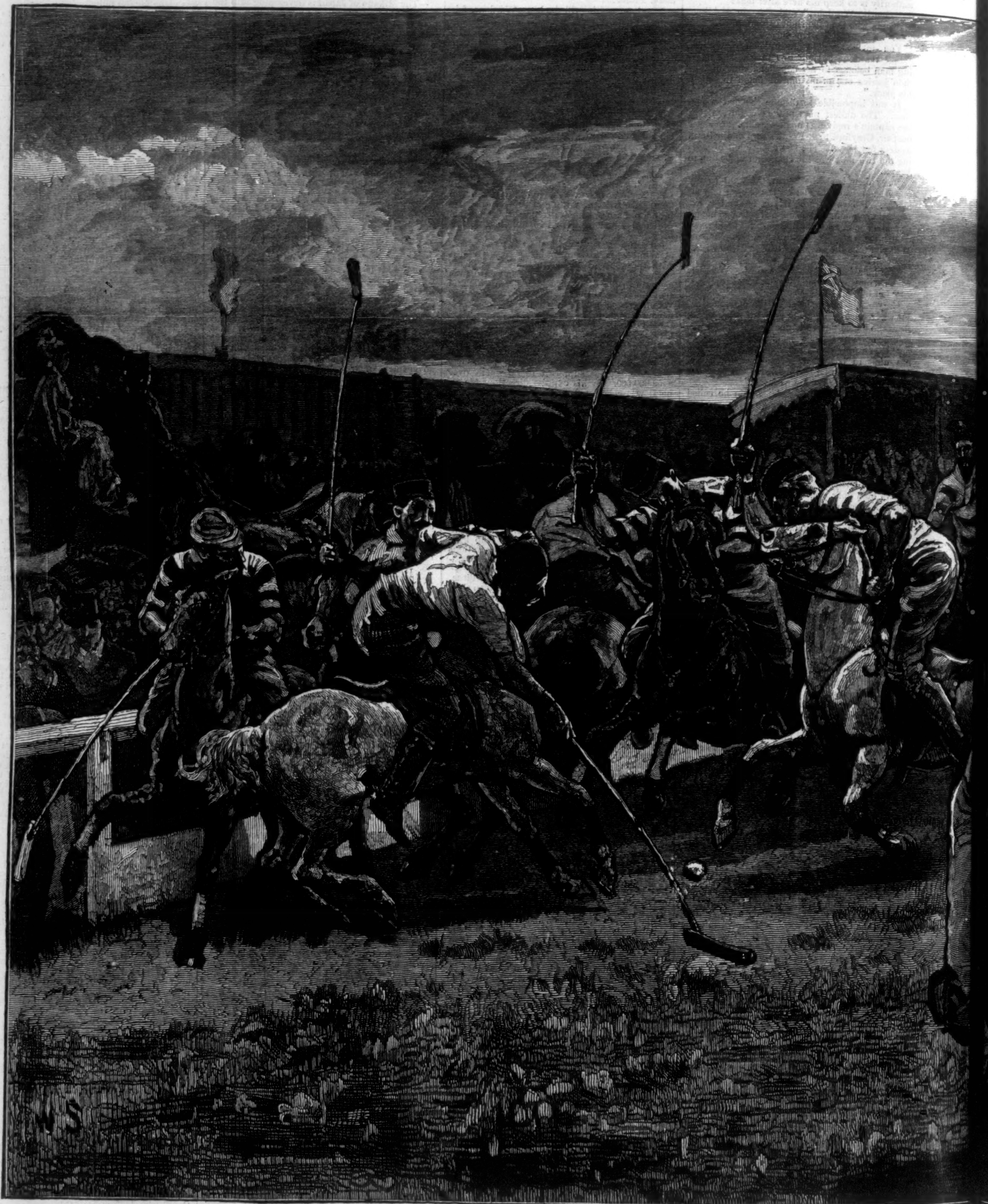
In no one class of enterprises has there been more progress than in the building up of camp-meeting sea-side resorts. Though still called camp-meetings, they are more properly summer cities. That on Martha's Vineyard Island contains 2500 cottages, and was visited in 1873 by 60,000 persons. The cottages have spread beyond camp-meeting limits, and their occupants are only partly under camp-meeting regulations. At Ocean Grove, near Long Branch, there are 340 cottages and 350 acres of ground controlled by the association. At Sea Cliff, near Glen Cove, Long Island, $200,000 have been expended in various improvements. Here is a fine hotel, an abundant supply of water distributed through pipes from a reservoir, and every appliance of pleasurable out-door life. Camp-meetings are held at these places during the season, lasting each from ten days to two weeks.

Almost a diplomatic difficulty was created by the recently issued pastoral letter of the Archbishop of Paris, Monseigneur **Guibert**, to the faithful under his care. It was immediately after its public appearance suppressed, and the French government issued the following official note in relation to it:

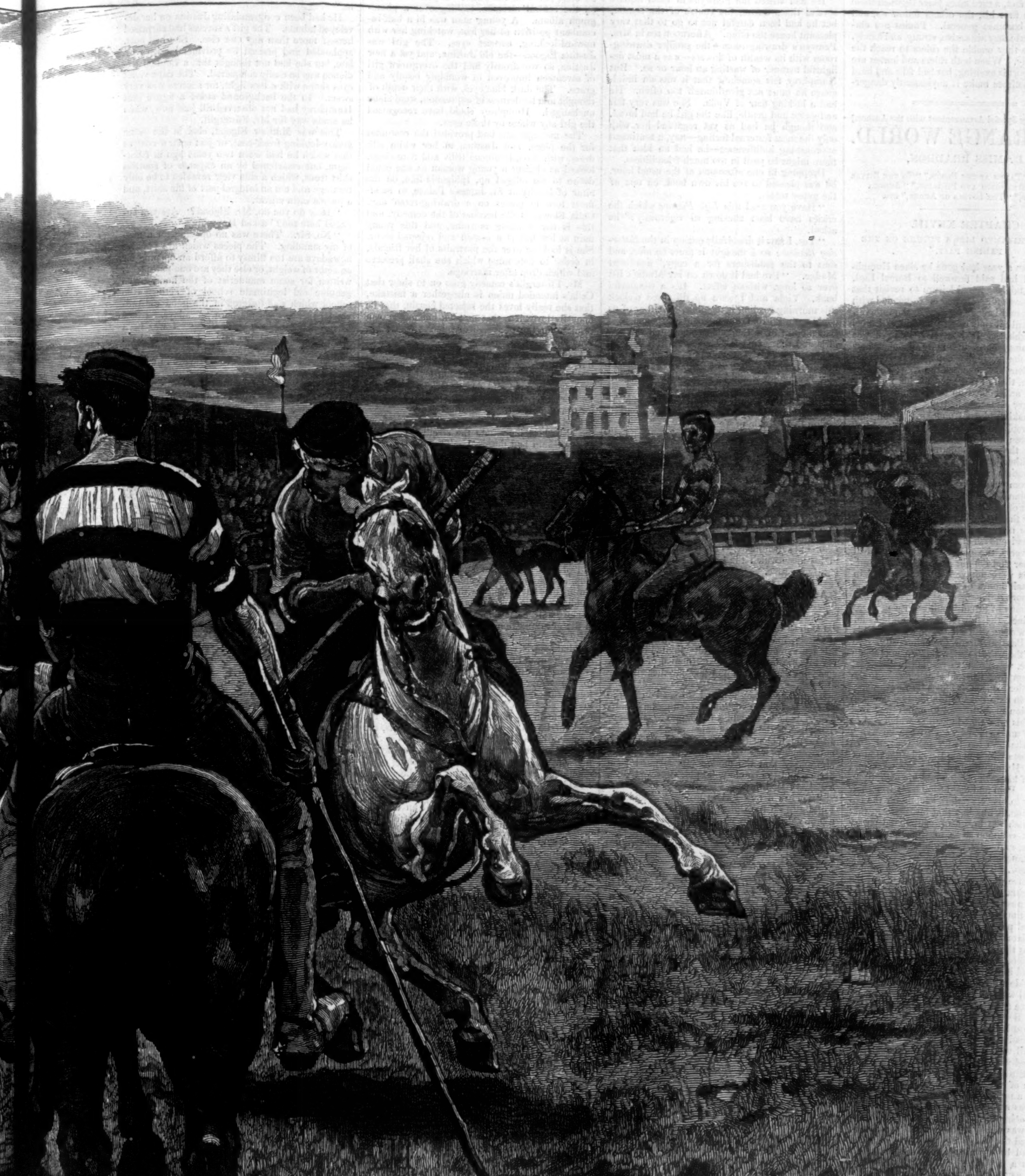
> "The journals have for some days past been occupying themselves with the pastoral letter addressed by his Eminence the Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris to the clergy and faithful of his diocese.
>
> "The government has viewed with regret the publication of that letter.
>
> "It would be desirable that it should not form longer the subject of polemical discussion between the newspapers."

This pastoral, which has been republished by the *Freeman's Journal* of this city, is very bitter. Americans will be interested in the following passage:

> "The impious and perfidious meaning of the word *lay*, as applied to education, is in great favor with governments; *lay* schools of this character are becoming very numerous in Rome. The heart bleeds with sorrow when we reflect upon the future which is being prepared for the Italian people, and especially the people of Rome, by those who labor to despoil her of the best of the blessings that remain to her—her faith and her profound attachment to religion."



THE GAME OF "P



“P”—[See Page 738.]

THE GAME OF "POLO."

THIS game, illustrated in our double-page engraving, was recently introduced into England from the East, and is quite popular among the cavalry. At the beginning of the game the players on each side are drawn up in front of their own goal. The ball is carried to a spot midway between them, and thrown into the air. One player from each side then gallops forward rapidly; in fact, a race takes place between these two for the first hit, the others follow up, and the scuffle becomes general. Ponies are employed because they are active, strong, and handy, and because they enable the riders to reach the ground easily. When both riders and horses are good, the sport is exciting, but bad falls and hard knocks sometimes make it unpleasantly dangerous.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

A STRANGE WORLD.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "TO THE BITTER END," "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "AURORA FLOYD," "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"THEN STREAMED LIFE'S FUTURE ON THE FADING PAST."

MORE than a year had gone by since Humphrey Clissold had said farewell to Borcel End, and he had not yet found leisure to revisit that peaceful homestead. He had corresponded with Martin Trevanard regularly during the interval, and had heard all that was to be told of Borcel and its neighborhood; how Mrs. Penwyn was daily becoming more and more popular, how her schools flourished, her cottagers thrived, her cottage gardens blossomed as the rose; and how Mr. Penwyn, though respected for his liberality and justice, and looked up to very much in his Parliamentary capacity, had not yet found the knack of making himself popular. From time to time, in reply to Humphrey's inquiries, Martin had written a few words about Muriel. She was always the same—there was no change. She was neither better nor worse, and the good old grandmother was very careful of her, and kept her from wandering about the house at night. Nothing had happened to disturb the even current of life at Borcel End.

This year that had gone had brought success, and in some measure fame, to Humphrey Clissold. He had published the long-contemplated volume of verse, the composition whereof had been his labor and delight since he left the university. His were not verses "thrown off" in the leisure half hours of a man whose occupations were more serious—verses to be apologized for with a touch of proud humility in a preface. They contained the full expression of his life. They were strong with all the strength of his manhood. Passion, fervor, force, intensity, were there; and the world, rarely slow to appreciate youthful fire, was quick to recognize their real power. Humphrey Clissold slowly awoke to the fact that under his *nom de plume* he was famous. He had taken care not to affix his real name to that confession of faith—not to let all the world know that his was that inner life which a poet reveals half unconsciously, even when he writes about the shadows his fancy has created. In the story-poem which made the chief portion of his volume Humphrey had, in some wise, told the story of his own passion and his own disappointment. Pain and disillusion had given their bitter flavor to his verse; but, happily for the poet's reputation, it was just that bitter-sweet, that subacid, which the lovers of sentimental poetry like. That common type of womanhood, fair and lovable, and only false under the pressure of circumstance, was here represented with undeniable vigor. The modern Helen, the woman whose passive beauty and sweetness are the source of tears and death, and whom the world forgives because she is mild and fair, here found a powerful limner. He had spared not a detail of that cruel portrait. It was something better than a miniature of that one girl who had jilted him: it was the universal image of weakly selfish womanhood, yielding, unstable, caressing, dependent, and innately false.

Side by side with this picture from life he had set the ideal woman, pure and perfect and true, lovely in face and form, but more lovely in mind and soul. Between these two he had placed his hero, wayward, mistaken, choosing the poison-flower instead of the sweet thornless rose, led through evil ways to a tragical end, comforted by the angel-woman only as chill death sealed his lips. Bitterness and sorrow were the dominant notes of the verse, but it was a pleasing bitter, and a melodious sadness.

There was a run on Mudie's for *A Life Picture, and other Poems*, by Clifford Hawthorn. The book was widely reviewed, but while some critics hailed the bard as that real poet for whom the age had been waiting, others dissected the pages with a merciless scalpel, and denounced the writer as a profligate and an infidel. The fugitive pieces—brief lyrics some of them—with the delicate finish of a cabinet-picture, won almost universal favor. In a word, Humphrey Clissold's first venture was a success.

He was not unduly elated. He did not believe in himself as the poet for whom the expectant age had been on the look-out. He had measured himself against giants, and was pretty clear in his estimate of his own powers. This pleasant taste of the strong wine of success made him only more intent upon doing better. It stimulated ambition, rather than satisfied it. Perhaps the adverse criticism did him most good, for it created just that spirit of opposition which is the best incentive to effort.

Very happy was the bachelor-poet's life in those days. He had lived just long enough to survive the pain of his first disappointment. It was a bitter memory still, but a memory which but rarely recurred to mar his peace. He had friends who understood him—two or three real friends, who, with his publisher, alone knew the secret of his authorship. He had an occupation he loved, just enough ambition to give stimulus to life, and he had not a care.

He had visited the Penwyns in Eton Square several times during the course of the season, but he had been careful not to go to that very pleasant house too often. Afternoon tea in Mrs. Penwyn's drawing-room—the smaller drawing-room with its wealth of flowers—was a most delightful manner of wasting an hour or so. But Humphrey felt somehow that it was an indulgence he must not give himself too often. He had a lurking fear of Viola. She was very fair and sweet and gentle, like the girl he had loved, and though he had as yet regarded her with only the most fraternal feeling—nay, a sentiment approaching indifference—he had an idea that there might be peril in too much friendliness.

Dropping in one afternoon at the usual hour, he was pleased to see his own book on one of the gypsy tables.

"Have you read this *Life Picture* which the critics have been abusing so vigorously?" he asked.

"Yes, I saw it dreadfully cut up in the *Saturday Review*; so I thought it must be nice, and sent to the publishers for a copy," answered Madge. "I've had it down on my Mudie's list ever so long, without effect. It's a wonderful book. Viola and I were up till three o'clock this morning reading it together. Neither of us could wait. From the moment we began with that picture of a London twilight, and the two girls and the young lawyer sitting in a balcony talking, we were riveted. It is all so easy, so life-like, so full of vigor and freshness and color!"

"The author would be very much flattered if he could hear you," said Humphrey.

"The author—oh, I'm afraid he must be rather a disagreeable person. He seems to have such a bad opinion of women."

"Oh, Madge, his heroine is a noble creature!" cried Viola.

"Yes, but the woman his hero loves best is worthless."

"Well, I should like to know the author," said Viola.

"I don't think Churchill would get on very well with him," said Madge. And that, to her mind, made an end of the question.

The only people she sought were people after Churchill's own heart. This poet had a wildness in his ideas which the Squire of Penwyn would hardly approve.

* * * * * *

Among Humphrey's literary acquaintance was a clever young dramatic author, whose work was just beginning to be popular. One afternoon at the club (a rather Bohemian institution for men of letters, in one of the streets of the Strand) this gentleman—Mr. Flittergilt—invited Humphrey to assist at the first performance of his last comedietta at a small and popular theatre near at hand.

They dined together, and dropped in at the theatre just as the curtain was falling on a half-hour farce played while the house was filling. The piece of the evening came next. *No Cards*, an original comedy in three acts; which announcement was quite enough to convince Humphrey that the motive was adapted from Scribe, and the comic underplot conveyed from a Palais Royal farce.

"There's a new girl in my piece," said Mr. Flittergilt, on the tiptoe of expectation; "such a pretty girl, and by no means a bad actress."

"Where does she come from?"

"Goodness knows. It's her first appearance in London."

"Humph, comes to the theatre in her brougham, I suppose, and has her dresses made by Madame Devy."

"Not the least in the world. She wore a shabby gray thing, which I believe you call alpaca, at rehearsal this morning, and she ran into the theatre, dripping like a naiad, in a waterproof—if you can imagine a naiad in a waterproof—having failed to get a seat in a twopenny omnibus."

"That is the prologue," said Humphrey, with a slight shoulder shrug. Perhaps Madge was right, and that he really had a bad opinion of women.

He turned to the programme listlessly presently, and read the old names he knew so well, for this house was a favorite lounge of his.

"Is the piece really original, Jack?" he inquired of his friend.

"Well," said Mr. Flittergilt, pulling on a new glove, and making a wry face, perhaps at the tightness of the glove, perhaps at the awkwardness of the question, "I admit there was a germ in that last piece at the Vaudeville, which I have ripened and expanded, you know. There always is a germ, you see, Humphrey. It's only from the brains of a Jove that you get a full-grown Minerva at a rush."

"I understand. The piece is a clever adaptation. Why, what's this?"

It was a name in the programme which evoked that sudden question.

"Celia Flower, Miss Justina Elgood."

"Flittergilt," said Humphrey, solemnly, "I know that young woman, and I regret to inform you that, though a really superior girl in private life, she is a very poor actress. If the fortunes of your piece are intrusted to her, I am sorry for you."

"If she acts as well to-night as she did this morning at rehearsal, I shall be satisfied," replied Mr. Flittergilt. "But how did you come to know her?"

Humphrey told the story of those two days at Eborsham. "Poor child, when last I saw her she was bowed down with grief for my murdered friend. I dare say she has forgotten all about him by this time."

"She doesn't look like a girl who would easily forget," said the dramatist.

The curtain rose on one of those daintily furnished interiors which the modern stage realizes to such perfection. Flowers, birds, statues, pictures, a glimpse of sun-lit garden on one side, and an open piano on the other. A girl was seated on the central ottoman, looking over a photograph album. A young man was in a half-recumbent position at her feet, watching her with upward-looking, earnest eyes. The girl was Justina Elgood—the old Justina, and yet a new Justina, so wondrously had the overgrown girl of seventeen improved in womanly beauty and grace. The dark blue eyes, with their depth of thought and tenderness of expression, were alone unchanged. Humphrey could have recognized the girl any where by those eyes.

The management had provided the costumes for the piece, and Justina, in her white silk dress, with its voluminous frills and flouncings, looked as elegant a young woman as one could desire to see offered up, Iphigenia-like, on the altar of loyalty at St. James's Palace, to be almost torn to pieces on a drawing-room day. Celia Flower is the heroine of the comedy, and this is her wedding morning, and this young man at her feet is a cousin and rejected lover. She is looking over the portraits of her friends, in order to determine which she shall preserve and which drop after marriage.

Mr. Flittergilt's comedy goes on to show that Celia's intended union is altogether a mistake, that she really loves the rejected cousin, that he honestly loves her, that nothing but misery can result from the marriage of interest which has been planned by Celia's relatives.

Celia is at first indifferent and frivolous, thinking more of her bridal toilet than of the bond which it symbolizes. Little by little she awakens to deeper thought and deeper feeling, and here, slender as Mr. Flittergilt's work is, there is scope for the highest art.

Curiously different is the actress of to-day from the girl whose ineptitude the strolling company at Eborsham had despised. There is a brightness and spontaneity about her comedy, a simple artless tenderness in her touches of sentiment, which show the untaught actress, the actress whose art has grown out of her own depth of feeling, whose acting is the outcome of a rich and thoughtful mind rather than the hard and dry result of tuition and study, or the mechanical art of imitation. Impulse and fancy give their bright brief flashes of light and color to the interpretation, and the dramatist's creation lives and moves before the audience—not a mere mouth-piece for smart sayings or graceful bits of sentiment—but a being with a soul, an original absolute creation of an original mind.

The audience is enchanted, Mr. Flittergilt is in fits of admiration of himself and the actress. "By Jove, that girl is as good as Nesbitt, and my dialogue is equal to Sheridan's!" he ejaculates when the first act was over, and the rashly enthusiastic, without waiting for the end, begin to clamor for the author. And Humphrey—well, Humphrey sits in a brown-study, far back in the shadow of the cavernous private box, astride upon his chair, his arms folded upon the back of it, his chin upon his folded arms, the image of intense contemplation.

"By Heaven, the girl is a genius!" he says to himself. "I thought there was something noble about her, but I did not think two short years would work such a change as this."

At the end of the piece Justina was received with what it is the fashion to call an ovation. There were no bouquets thrown to her, for these floral offerings are generally pre-arranged by the friends and admirers of an actress, and Justina had neither friends nor admirers in all the great city to plan her triumph. She had conquered by the simple force of an art which was spontaneous and unstudied as the singing of a nightingale. Time and practice had made her mistress of the mechanism of her art, had familiarized her with the glare of the lights and the strange faces of the crowd, had made her as much at her ease on the stage as in her own room. The rest had come unawares; it had come with the ripening of her mind, come with the thoughtfulness and depth of feeling that had been the growth of that early disappointment, that first brief dream of love, with its sad sudden ending.

When the piece was over, and Justina and Mr. Flittergilt had enjoyed their triumph, and all the actors had been called for and applauded by a delighted audience, Humphrey suddenly left the box. He had done nothing to help the applause, but had stood in his dark corner like a rock while the little theatre shook with the plaudits of pit and gallery.

"Come, I say, that's rather cool," the dramatist muttered to himself. "He might have said something civil, anyhow. I was just going to ask him if he'd like to go behind the scenes, too." The accomplished Flittergilt had contented himself with bowing from his box, and he was now in haste to betake himself to the greenroom, there to receive the congratulations of the company, and to render the usual meed of praise and thanks for the interpretation of his play.

The greenroom at the Royal Albert Theatre was a very superior apartment to the greenroom at Eborsham. It was small, but bright and comfortable-looking, with carpeted floor, looking-glasses over chimney-piece and console table, photographs and engraved portraits of popular actors and actresses upon the gayly papered walls, a cushioned divan all round the room, and nothing but the table and its appurtenances wanted to make the apartment resemble a billiard-room in a pleasant, unpretentious country-house.

Here, standing by the console table, and evidently quite at his ease, Mr. Flittergilt found his friend talking to the new actress. Mr. Clissold penetrated to the sacred chamber somehow, without the dramatist's safe-conduct.

"How did you get here?" asked Flittergilt, annoyed.

"Oh, I hardly know. The old man at the stage-door didn't want to admit me. I'm afraid I said I was Miss Elgood's brother, or something of that kind, I was so desperately anxious to get in."

He had been congratulating Justina on her developed talents. The girl's success had surprised herself more than any one else. She had been applauded and praised by provincial critics of late, but she had not thought that a London audience was so easily conquered. The dark violet eyes shone with a new light, for success was very sweet. In the background stood a figure that Humphrey had not observed till just now, when he made way for Mr. Flittergilt.

This was Mathew Elgood, clad in the same greasy-looking frock-coat, or just such a coat as that which he had worn two years ago at Eborsham, but smartened by an expanse of spotless shirt front, which a side view revealed to be only frontage and not an integral part of his shirt, and a purple satin cravat.

"How do you do, Mr. Elgood? Are you engaged here too?" asked Humphrey.

"No, Sir. There was no opening for a man of my standing. The pieces which are popular nowadays are too flimsy to afford an opening for an actor of weight, or else they are one-part pieces written for some mannerist of the hour. The genuine old legitimate school of acting—the school which was fostered in the good old provincial theatres—is nowhere nowadays. I bow to the inevitable stroke of Time. I was born some twenty years too late. I ought to have been the compeer of Macready."

"Your daughter has been fortunate in making such a hit."

"Ay, Sir. The modern stage is a fine field for a young woman with beauty and figure; and when that young woman's talents have been trained and fostered by a man who knows his art, she enters the arena with the assurance of success. There was a time when the malignant called my daughter a stick. There was a time when my daughter hated the profession. But my fostering care has wrought the change which surprises you to-night. A dormant genius has been awakened—I will not say by a kindred genius, lest the remark should savor of egotism."

"You are without occupation, then, in London, Mr. Elgood?"

"Yes, Mr. Clissold; but I have my vocation. I am here as guardian and protector of my innocent child."

"I told Miss Elgood two years ago that if ever she came to London and needed a friend, my best services should be at her disposal. But her success of to-night has made her independent of friendship."

"I don't know about that, Mr. Clissold. You are a literary man, I understand, a friend of Mr. Flittergilt's, and you have doubtless some influence with dramatic critics. One can never have too much help of that kind. There is a malevolent spirit in the press which requires to be soothed and overcome by friendly influences. Beautiful, gifted, as my daughter is, I feel by no means sure of the newspapers. Our unpretending domicile is at No. 27 Hudspeth Street, Bloomsbury, a lowly but a central locality. If you will favor us with a call, I shall be delighted. Our Sunday evenings are our own."

"I shall lose no time in availing myself of your kind permission," said Humphrey; and then he added, in a lower tone, for Mr. Elgood's ear only, "I hope your daughter has got over the grief which that dreadful event at Eborsham occasioned her."

"She has recovered from the blow, Sir, but she has not forgotten it. A curiously sensitive child, Mr. Clissold. Who could have supposed that so brief an acquaintance with your murdered friend could have produced so deep an impression upon that young mind? She was never the same girl afterward. From that time she seemed to me to dwell apart from us all, in a world of her own. She became, after a while, more attentive to her professional duties, more anxious to excel, more interested in the characters she represented, and she began to surprise us all by touches of pathos which we had not expected from her. She engaged with Mr. Tilberry, of the Theatre Royal, Westborough, for the juvenile lead about six months after your young friend's death, and has maintained a leading position in the provinces ever since. 'Sweet are the uses of adversity.' Her genius seemed to have been called into being by sorrow. Good-night, Mr. Clissold. I dare say Justina will be ready to go home by this time. If you *can* square any of the critics for us, you will discover that Mathew Elgood knows the meaning of the word gratitude."

Humphrey promised to do his best, and that evening at his club near the Strand used all the influence he had in Justina's favor. He found his task easy. The critics who had seen Mr. Flittergilt's new comedy were delighted with the new actress. Those who had been elsewhere, assisting at the production of somebody else's new piece, heard their brothers of the pen enthusiastic in their encomiums, and promised to look in at the Royal Albert Theatre on Monday.

To-night was Saturday. Humphrey promised himself that he would call in Hudspeth Street to-morrow evening. He had another engagement, but it was one that could be broken without much offense. And he was curious to see the successful actress at home. Was she much changed from the girl he had surprised on her knees by the clumsy old arm-chair, shedding passionate tears for James Penwyn's death? He had thought her half a child in those days, and the possibilities of fame whereof he had spoken consolingly very far away. And behold, she was famous already—in a small way perhaps, but still famous. On Monday the newspapers would be full of her praises. She would be more immediately known to the world than he, the poet, had made himself yet. And she had already tasted the sweetness of applause coming straight from the hearts and hands of her audience, not filtered through the pens of critics, and losing considerable sweetness in the process.

* * * * * *

The illimitable regions of Bloomsbury have room enough for almost every diversity of domicile, from the stately mansions of Russell Square to the lowly abode of the mechanic and the charwoman. Hudspeth Street is an old-fashioned, narrow street of respectable and substantial looking houses, which must once have been occupied by the professional classes, or have served as the private dwellings of wealthy traders, but which now are for the most part let off in floors to the shabby-genteel and struggling section of humanity, or to more prosperous mechanics who ply their trades in the sombre old paneled rooms, with their tall mantel-boards and deep-set windows.

The street lies between the oldest square of this wide district and a busy thoroughfare, where the coster-mongers have it all their own way after dark; but Hudspeth Street wears at all times a tranquil gloom, as if it had been forgotten somehow by the majority, and left behind in the general march of progress. Other streets have burst out into stucco, and masked their aged walls with fronts of plaster, as ancient dowagers hide their wrinkles under Bloom de Ninon or Blanc de Rosati. But here the dingy old brick façades remain undisturbed, the old carved garlands still decorate the doorways, the old extinguishers still stand ready to quench torches that have gone to light the dark ways of Hades.

To Humphrey Clissold on this summer evening—Sunday evening, with the sound of many church-bells filling the air—Hudspeth Street seemed a social study, a place worth half an hour's thought from a philosophical lounger, a place which must have its memories.

Number 27 is cleaner and brighter of aspect than its immediate neighbors. A brass plate upon the door announces that Louis Charlevin, artist in buhl and marqueterie, occupies the ground-floor. Another plate upon the door-post bears the name of Miss Girdleston, teacher of music; and a third is inscribed with the legend, "Mrs. Mapes, Furnished Lodgings," and has furthermore a little hand pointing to a bell, which Humphrey rings.

The door is opened by a young person, who is evidently Mrs. Mapes's daughter. Her hair is too elaborate, her dress too smart, her manner too easy, for a servant under Mrs. Mapes's dominion. She believes that Mr. Elgood is at home, and begs the visitor to step up to the first floor front, not troubling herself to precede and announce him.

Humphrey obeys, and speeds with light footstep up the dingy old staircase. The house is clean and neat enough, but has not been painted for the last thirty years, he opines. He taps lightly at the door, and some one bids him enter. Mr. Elgood is lying on a sofa, smoking luxuriously, with a glass of cold punch on the little table at his elbow. The Sunday papers lie around him. He has been reading the records of Justina's success, and is reveling in the first-fruits of prosperity.

Justina is sitting by an open window, dressed in some pale lavender-hued gown, which sets off the tall and graceful figure. Her head leans a little back against the chintz cushion of the high-backed chair; an open book lies on her lap. It falls as she rises to receive the visitor, and Humphrey stoops to pick it up.

His own poem.

It gives him more pleasure, somehow, to find it in her hands than he derived from the praises of those two fashionable and accomplished women, Mrs. Penwyn and her sister. It touches him more deeply still to see that Justina's cheeks are wet with tears.

"She has been crying over some foolish poetry, instead of thanking Providence for such criticism as this," said Mr. Elgood, slapping his hand upon the *Sunday Times*.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

FROM the third annual report of Dr. B. A. GOULD, director of the National Observatory of the Argentine Republic, as presented on the 31st of January, 1874, we gather the following items. The observation of zones of southern stars has continued with unabated activity up to the present time. The observations have been fully completed over that portion of the heavens situated been 18 and 6¼ hours of right ascension, and between 23° and 80° of south declination. Those parts of the sky which remain to be examined are among the richest in stars. It is estimated that they will require at least 115 additional zones, and contain not less than 15,000 stars; thus the complete work will probably fall but little short of 85,000 observations, corresponding to about 65,000 stars. A special catalogue of well-determined stars is also in progress of execution, for which at present about 4000 observations, or nearly 1700 stars, are available. These will form the fundamental stars for the reduction of the zones, and also for the completion of the uranometry. With the exception of about five weeks in October and November, the equatorial was used for photographic work. During the interval alluded to, at the suggestion of Dr. GALLE, this instrument was employed in observations of the planet Flora, in co-operation with other observatories, in order to contribute somewhat to the determination of the parallax of the sun. The observatories of Melbourne and the Cape of Good Hope also carried out a similar course of observations. Awaiting the publication of the uranometry, considerable attention has been given to a revision of some portions of that work, thereby much increasing its ultimate value. The organization of the Meteorological Office has been intrusted to Dr. GOULD as an additional temporary labor; it is contemplated that the complete control of the Meteorological Office will soon be placed in the hands of another person. The labor of carrying out the computations of all kinds is estimated by Dr. GOULD as requiring four or five hours of office-work for every hour spent in observation, and has apparently been prosecuted with much zeal, notwithstanding the interruption which existed during a portion of the year, occasioned by the departure of two assistants and the arrival of their successors. A list of fifty-four circumpolar stars used for determining instrumental azimuth has been prepared, and a proper ephemeris computed therefrom. The measurements, the reading of the chronograph sheets, and general computations upon the zone observations have been recently entered upon. The differences of longitude of four places have been determined—Rosario, Buenos Ayres, Rio Cuarto, and Mendoza; and of still more importance has been the accurate determination of the difference between Cordova and Santiago. Time signals for regulating the clocks on various lines of telegraph have been sent regularly once a week. The photographic lens designed to replace that which was first furnished, but was broken in transitu, was received in the month of June. It thus appears that notwithstanding numerous annoyances which are mentioned in more or less detail in Dr. GOULD's report, and which are well known to the astronomers of the world who have read his special letters thereupon, he has with characteristic energy actively pushed on the great labor that he had undertaken, and whose ultimate success is the earnest wish of his numerous friends.

Professor THURSTON, of the Stevens Technological Institute, has made an important observation in regard to molecular changes produced in iron by the variations of temperature. He comes to the conclusion that, at temperatures above 600° F., and below 700°, iron conforms to the general law for solid bodies; that increase of temperature diminishes the tenacity, but increases the ductility and resilience, while decrease of temperature has the opposite effect. Below 700° the tenacity increases with diminishing temperature, while the resilience decreases in a much higher ratio. Between ordinary temperatures and a point somewhere between 500° and 600°, on the other hand, iron shows a marked deviation from the law, the strength increasing to the extent of about fifteen per cent. with good iron. The practical result is that as iron does not lose its power of sustaining dead loads at a low temperature, but greatly loses its power of resisting shocks, the factor of safety in structures need not be increased in the former case where exposure to severe cold is apprehended; but that machinery, rails, and other structures which have to resist shocks should have large factors of safety, and be protected, if possible, from extremes of temperature.

Captain HOFFMEYER, director of the Royal Meteorological Institute of Copenhagen, announces his intention to publish daily charts of the weather from 60° east to 60° west longitude, and from 30° to 75° north latitude. The charts for the three months from December to February will be published as an experiment, the work to be continued should suitable support be given. The cost will be four francs per month, exclusive of postal charges.

As long ago as 1845, FARADAY, by means of intense cold, succeeded in freezing nitrous oxide to a solid crystalline mass. But, unlike liquefied carbonic acid, the liquefied nitrous oxide would not freeze by the cold of its own evaporation. THOMAS WILLS, however, in some late experiments, has managed to obtain a sort of nitrous-oxide snow, like that of carbonic acid, by allowing the liquefied gas, mixed with a strong current of air, to flow through a fine jet. In the case of carbonic acid, as is well known, the current of air can be dispensed with. The nitrous oxide thus solidified was rather more granular than the corresponding modification of carbonic acid, and, unlike the latter, would melt and boil before re-assuming the gaseous state. In contact with the skin it produced painful blisters. Its melting point was found to be 120° below zero. WILLS also made a variety of observations upon nitrous oxide in the liquid state, when it appears to be very compressible. Its specific gravity is about nine-tenths that of water. It is not mixable with the latter liquid, and it may be frozen by the evaporation produced by simply blowing a current of air through it.

The Meteorological Congress at Vienna expressed its conviction that it was desirable that each country should, if possible, collect all its meteorological observations at one place, and that the Institute for Maritime Meteorology should be established as near as possible to the sea, and that this institute might best be placed under the general management of the chief meteorological institute of the country. The convening of a Maritime Meteorological Conference was declared to be desirable, and a permanent committee appointed with this end in view.

Dr. BINZ, of Bonn, has lately endeavored to show that the value of bromide of potassium as a drug in diseases of the nervous system, such as epilepsy and its allies, has been overestimated, and that the action is probably due to the potassium rather than to the bromine; also that the therapeutic influence of bromide of potassium is owing to a general improvement of nutrition caused by the addition to the blood of potash salts in excess, and that other preparations with potassium would answer the same purpose.

To this Dr. ANSTIE responds by pointing to the uniformly favorable experience of English physicians, of the controlling action of the bromide over epilepsy and some other diseases, while it is scarcely less marked in cases of insomnia and restlessness. Dr. ANSTIE, however, admits that in aged persons the bromide sometimes aggravates the symptoms it was intended to relieve. He states that he has experimentally proved the uselessness of bicarbonate of potassium and nitrate of potassium in cases of epilepsy, given sometimes in full doses, and maintains that it is the combination of bromine with potassium that is necessary to produce the desired effects.

Mr. W. SAVILLE KENT, late superintending naturalist of the Brighton Aquarium, has been appointed to the control of the new aquarium at Manchester. This has been constructed according to Mr. KENT's special ideas on the subject, and promises to be a very decided success. The tank frontage is no less than 750 feet, an amount exceeding that of any aquarium yet constructed.

Some idea of the popularity of exhibitions of this kind in cities of the size of Manchester may be gathered from the fact that 10,000 visitors were registered during the first week of the opening.

We have heard nothing of late of the proposed plan of inviting Mr. KENT to visit New York for the purpose of starting the aquarium in Central Park. Certainly no one is better qualified to undertake such a work or enterprise than Mr. KENT, who adds to great practical experience in the management of living marine animals a high degree of scientific ability. As the Manchester Aquarium is supplied with sea-water by rail from a distance of forty miles, there certainly would be no difficulty in furnishing the same requisite to an aquarium in New York.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

AUGUST has brought to some sections of the country the usual oppressive midsummer heat. In New Orleans sun-strokes have been frequent, and sudden deaths, resulting from diseases aggravated by the heat, have been numerous. A gentleman from Cincinnati mentioned to us the other day that he had never suffered more from extreme heat than in that city during the present month. But in the Middle and New England States, up to past the middle of August, the weather has been exceptionally comfortable. The only trouble at the sea-shore and in country places is that it has been too cool. Morning and evening fires have been acceptable, and warm wraps indispensable. True, at mid-day the sun shines fiercely, but with its declining rays the heated air disperses. This is the great advantage of the country over the city in summer-time. At night-fall the sea-breezes rapidly cool the beach and its surroundings, or, inland, the falling dew and circulating air. Brick houses and stone pavements and sidewalks may keep hot through the night, but where there are meadows and lawns, trees and flowers, or ever-dashing waves and foaming surf, the night brings comfortable sleep, and with it health and vigor. Yet greater care is needed to guard the system against the sudden changes of temperature. A chill when one has become overheated is a frequent cause of illness in summer; and such chills often come when after mid-day heat one sits down without additional clothing to enjoy a cool dewy evening in the country. Children suffer peculiarly from such exposure. A great safeguard in changeable climates is the wearing of thin gauze flannel or gossamer merino vests next the skin. Physicians usually recommend these garments for all delicate persons; and even in warm weather they are not uncomfortable, as might be supposed by those who are unaccustomed to their use.

A letter from London says that people are melting with heat in the metropolis of England, and have forgotten what rain is like. By way of an amusement appropriate to the season, fashionable Englishwomen have taken to skating, using the parlor wheeled skates of the kind that American children discarded years ago. A popular rink, supplied with a smooth asphalt pavement, is filled every evening with the fair devotees of what must be rather melting sport in warm weather.

Miss Charlotte Cushman deems it important that the published statements alleging that she is ill should be contradicted by all reliable papers. The rumor originated from the incident of Mr. John Gilbert being taken suddenly ill while on a visit to Miss Cushman at her Newport villa, and several physicians being hastily summoned. The gigs in front of the door attracted the attention of correspondents, and alarming paragraphs were the result.

An accident has just happened to Rubens's "Assumption of the Virgin" in the Gallery of Düsseldorf. This picture, of colossal dimensions, is painted on wood, and two large cracks have made their appearance, and one of them is across the face of the Madonna.

A negro stole a ride on the truck of a railroad car from Brooklyn, Iowa, to Davenport, one hundred and thirty miles. His position was not only dangerous, but exceedingly painful. He sat on an iron strap not two inches wide, with his back against the upright at the centre of the truck, his body leaning forward so that his head almost touched his legs, which were bent nearly double, and his hand rested on a bar in front of him. There he rode, subject to a continuous jolt, enveloped in endless whirls of dust, with the pelting of little pebbles which constantly fly upward when a train is in motion. When asked how he stood such a ride as that, he replied, "I declar, mas'r, it am tough; but I'd 'a held thar clar to Chicago ef ye hadn't fotched me out."

M. Ernest Renan has written a new book, *La Mission en Phénicie*, an account of the scientific researches in Syria during the sojourn of the French army in 1860–61.

A story is told of Prince Bismarck at Kissingen that one day returning from the baths he passed through a field where the men were cutting the harvest, and after some conversation with respect to the crops the Prince took up a scythe and began to cut the corn. This he did so well that the owner of the implement, seizing the Prince's hand, said that he perceived he was a thorough farmer. The Prince replied that when he took a matter in hand he wished to perform it creditably, or he would let it alone altogether. He then departed, leaving the peasants ignorant of his name. When, some time later, they learned who their fellow-laborer was, the owner of the scythe was delighted, and declared he would preserve the implement all his life. It is said that an English traveler offered him a considerable sum for it, but the man said he was willing to show it, though he would never part with it.

The Brooklyn tower of the great bridge which is some day to form the grand thoroughfare across the East River is already more than sixteen feet higher than Bunker Hill Monument. The latter is but 225 feet high, while the key-stones to the bridge tower are 241 feet above tide-water. The masonry of the tower, however, is so solid and the tower itself so large that its height is deceiving. To lift the immense granite blocks to their positions requires trustworthy machinery and tackle. The ordinary blocks weigh about six tons apiece. The key-stones, however, weigh eleven tons, yet they were raised by the steam-engine and hoisting tackle with perfect ease, the only difference noticeable from raising the other blocks being a little extra creaking of the cranes as the stones were lifted from the floats on which they were brought from the quarries of Fox Island, Maine. So nicely were the engineers' calculations carried out that when settled into the sockets prepared for them the stones did not vary one-tenth of an inch from the position it was intended that they should occupy.

Mr. Charles Reade has obtained an injunction restraining Mr. French, the theatrical publisher, from pirating *Never too Late to Mend*, and *Masks and Faces*.

The *Druggist*, a London paper, states that a young lady who had long been addicted to the use of opium applied to an eminent physician to make hypodermic injections of morphine. Beginning by injecting a mixture of morphine and water, he gradually increased the proportion of water, without letting the patient know of it, until after a short time he used only the pure water. After each injection she would gently fall into a refreshing sleep. For several months the treatment was continued, the patient's system being gradually renovated by tonics. At length the lady was informed that for months she had not been under the influence of opium at all, and was greatly rejoiced to find herself cured of any desire for the drug.

The late Baron Anselm Rothschild is said to have left more than a thousand millions of francs behind him.

Levi Bartlett, of Warner, New Hampshire, has recently presented the New Hampshire Historic Society with an old musket with which is connected quite an interesting history. In 1707 it was carried by Joseph Bartlett, who was then twenty-one years old, and was one of the garrison at Haverhill, Massachusetts, during an expected attack by the Indians and French. In 1708 the town surrendered to the foe, and young Bartlett secreted his gun in a chimney, where it remained for four years, during which time he was a captive in Canada. On his release from captivity he returned and found the piece where he had left it. It was afterward carried during three years of the Revolutionary war by another member of the family. Some years ago a party of boys got down the ancient piece to celebrate the "glorious Fourth," and with the intention of making it "speak," loaded it with some twelve inches of powder and a quantity of damp earth, which proved the last report it was ever to make, as both barrel and stock were so shattered that all that could be done with it was to bind it together with a cord, in which plight it now is seen. It is now presented in behalf of Thomas H. Bartlett, the great-grandson of its first owner.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A GOOD old elder of a church, who was given to extravagant exaggeration, was at last called to account for his offense in that respect, and admonished not to give way to the besetting sin in future. The good old man received the admonition meekly, and said, "I know how prone I am to the fault, my brethren, and it has given me tortures of pain; and night after night I have shed barrels of tears over it." The meeting adjourned in silence.

A retired vocalist, who had acquired a large fortune by marriage, was asked to sing in company. "Allow me," said he, "to imitate the nightingale, which does not sing after it has made its nest."

A man advertises for a competent person to undertake the sale of a new medicine, and adds that "it will prove highly lucrative to the undertaker."

A greenhorn sat a long time very attentively musing upon a cane-bottomed chair. At length he said, "I wonder what fellow took the trouble to find all them ar holes and put straws around 'em?"

A LOVE-SONG, BY DEAN SWIFT.

Apud in is almi de si re,
Mimis tres Ine ver re qui re,
Alo veri find ita gestis,
His miseri ne veratre st is.

BY THE SAME.

Mollis abuti,
Has an acuti,
No lasso finis,
Molli divinis.
Omi de armistress,
Imi na distress,
Cant udi scover
Meas alo ver?

A Virginia sheriff asked a murderer if he wanted to make a speech on the gallows, and the man replied, "Guess not; it looks like rain, and I don't want to get wet; go on with the hanging."

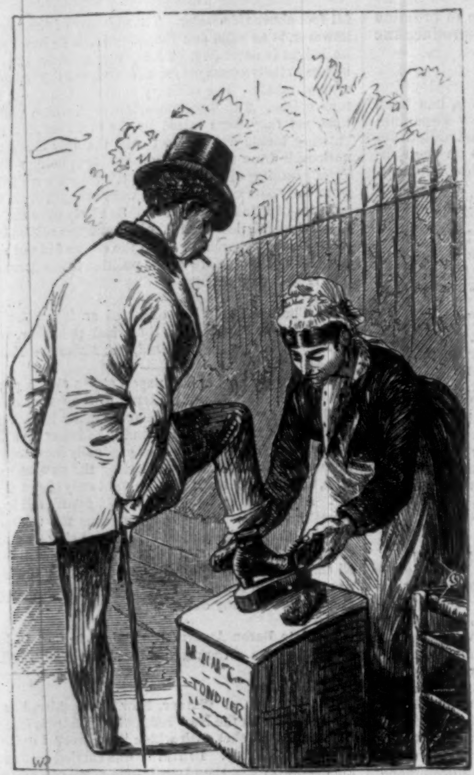
A cross-eyed man cast a gloom over a Detroit street car last Wednesday by asking one of the seven men and strangers on the opposite seat, if he had any chewing-tobacco handy. First the seven strangers looked at each other. Then the seven hands went pocketward, and, upon observing this motion, each of the seven supposed his neighbor the one spoken to, and the seven hands returned empty. The cross-eyed man cast a *ricochet* glance of indignation along the line, and with the remark, "A sweet-scented lot of generous roosters!" took a chew of his own tobacco.

Why can a person who has run away from his creditors be said to be a man of integrity?—Because he is a *non est* man.

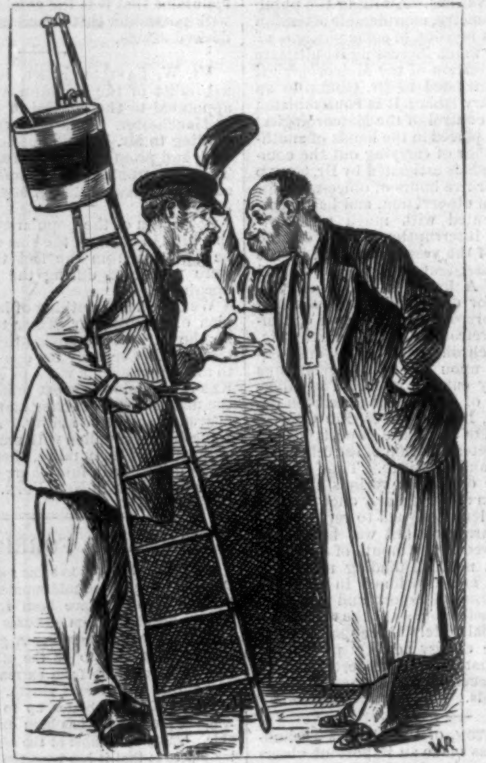
A lecturer, wishing to explain to a little girl the manner in which a lobster casts his shell when he has outgrown it, said, "What do you do when you have outgrown your clothes? You throw them aside, don't you?" "Oh no!" replied the little one, "we let out the tucks." The lecturer confessed she had the advantage of him there.

Some person caused the following inscription to be placed over the door of a house, "Let nothing enter here but what is good." "Then where will the master go in?" asked a cynic.

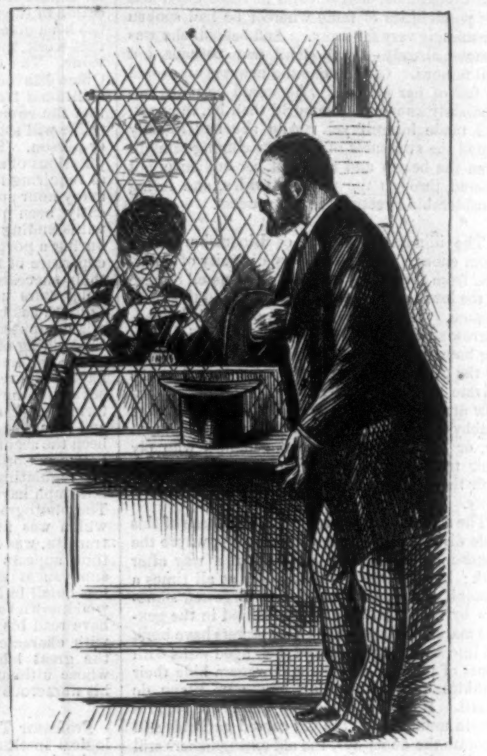
An exchange says: "Old Skinflint, with a speckled hen, was down to O'Brien's show last Thursday, and hitched his team to a fence in the rear of this office. Pulling an old ten-pound salt sack from under the seat, he proceeded to feed the horses. What on earth the hen was for we could not imagine, until, just before hitching up to return, he tied one end of the string attached to the hen's leg to the hind wheel of the wagon, and the mystery was solved—he had brought along the hen to pick up the last oat left by the horses, that nothing might be lost."



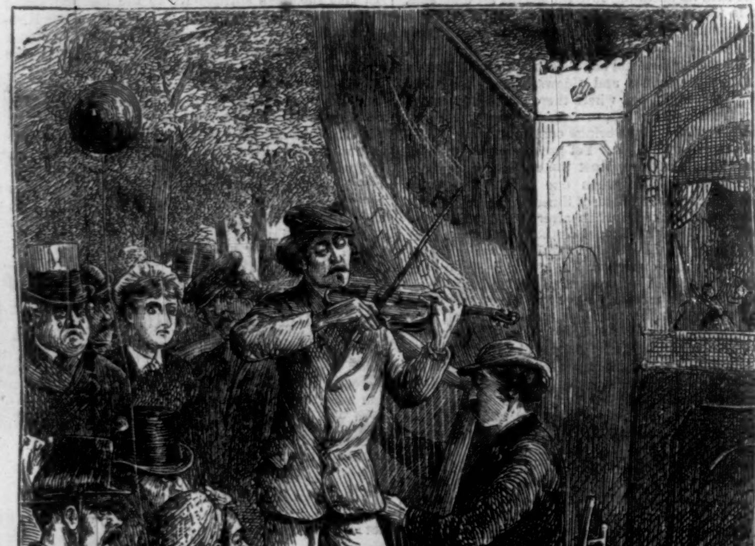
A SHOE-BLACK.



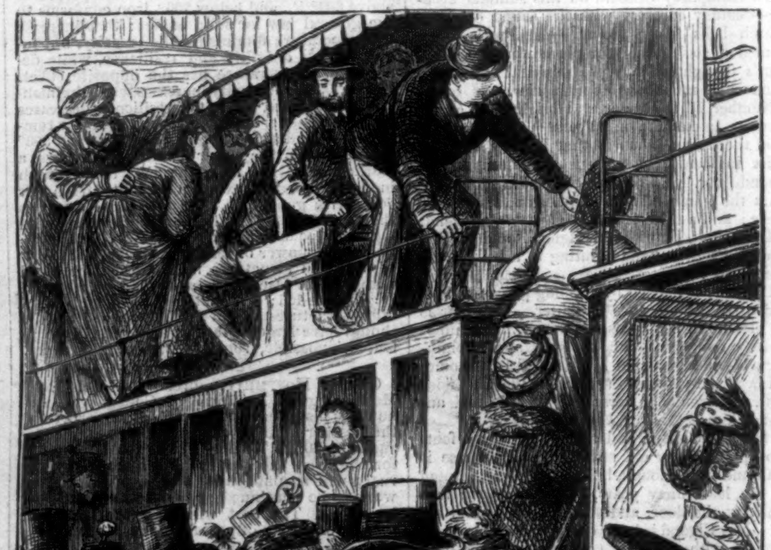
PAINTER AND BAKER.



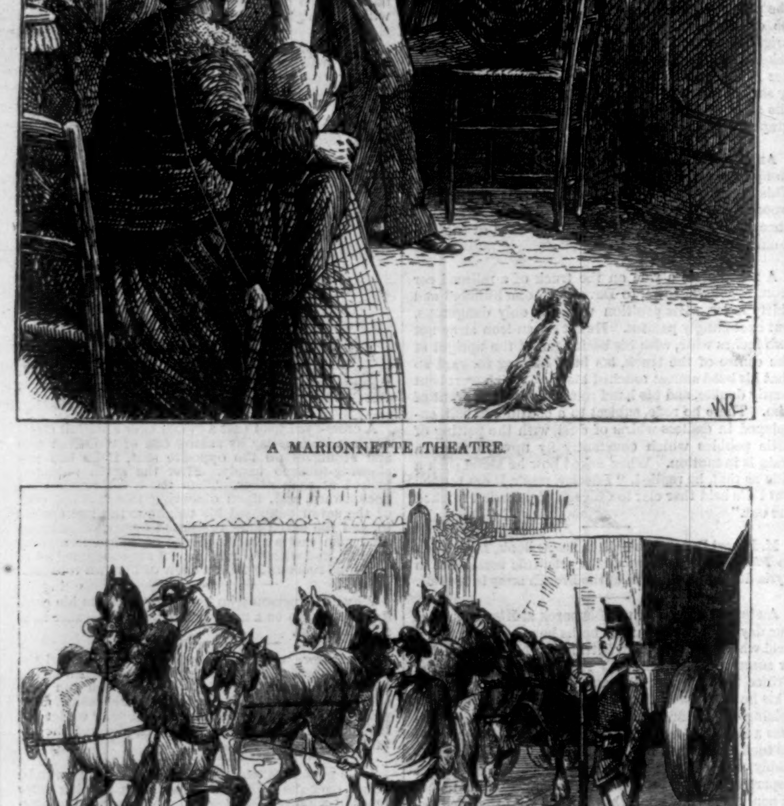
A FRENCH CASHIER.



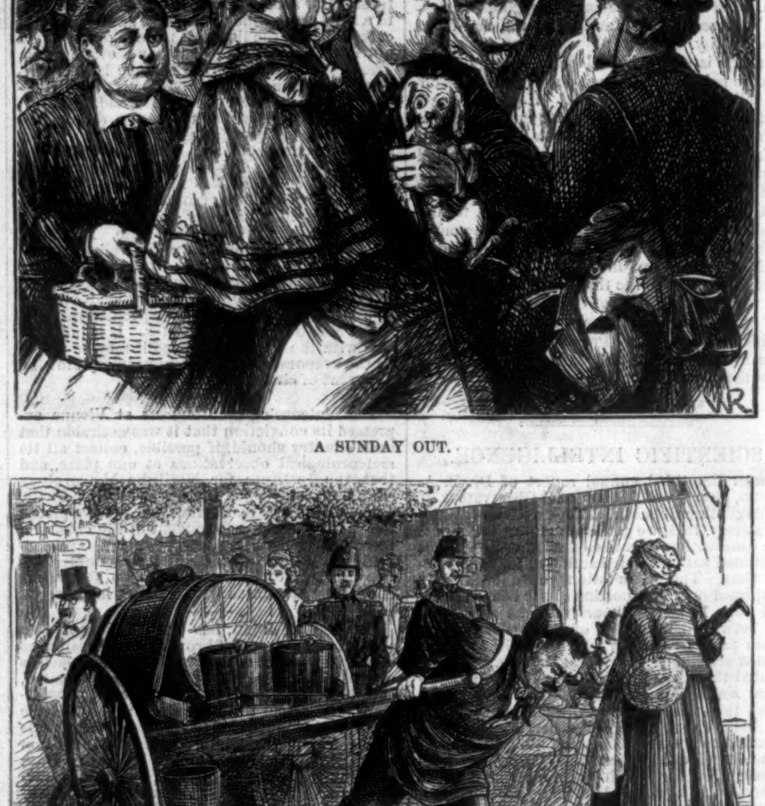
A MARIONNETTE THEATRE.



A SUNDAY OUT.



A STONE CARTER.

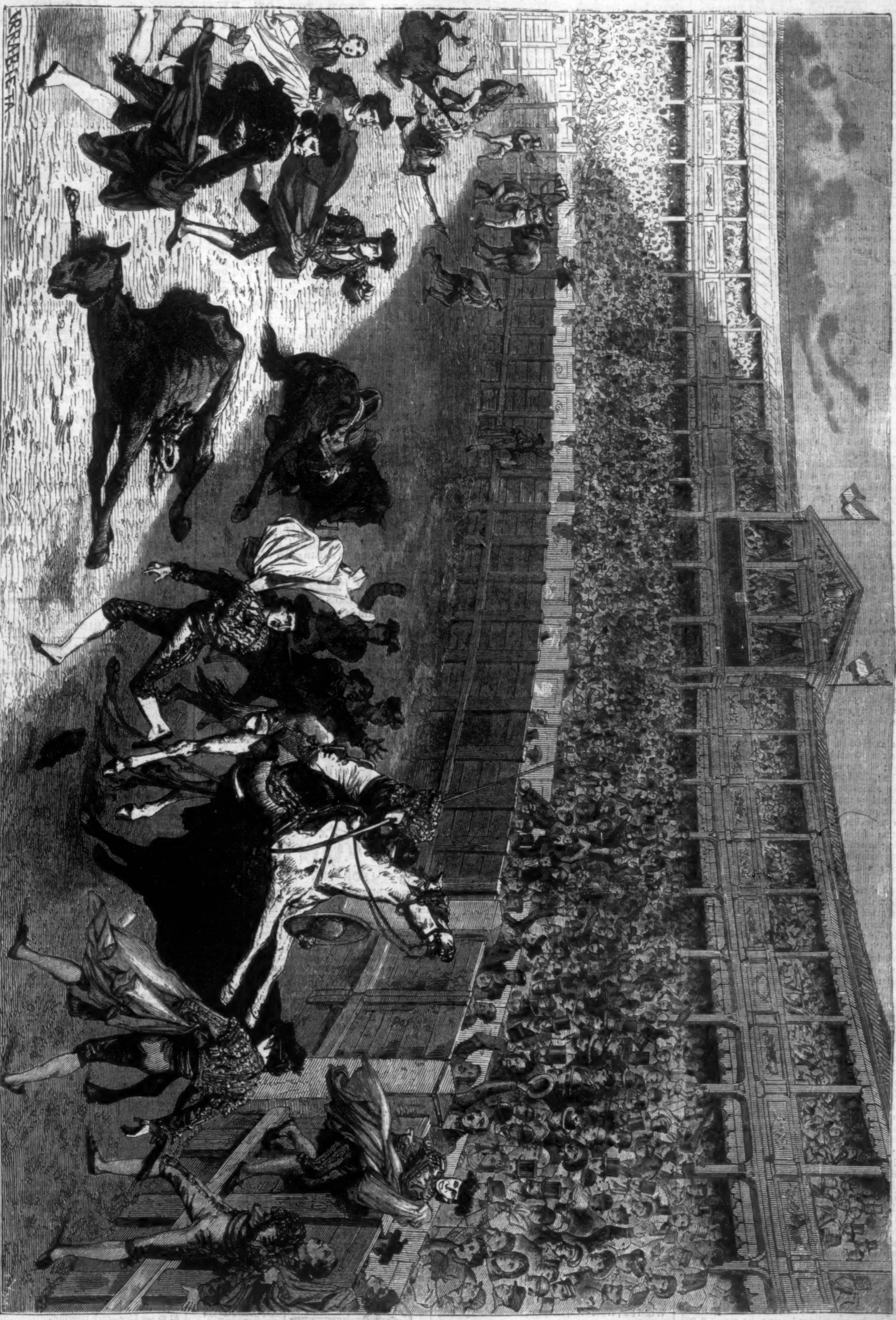


A WATER-CARRIER.

PARIS SKETCHES.—[SEE PAGE 742.]

BULL-FIGHT AT MADRID.

MANY writers connect the bull-fight of Spain with the games and sacrifices of the pagans, from whom the natives of Andalusia have so largely drawn in their creeds and customs. Others think it to be of Moorish origin, and assert that the Romans, in fact, borrowed from the Spaniards that very game which it has been contended was imported from Italy into the Peninsula. Although the true origin of this "ungentle sport" has never been satisfactorily traced, one fact is conclusive—that the tempter never can assume form more dangerous to the virtue of a fair Andalusian than that of a gay major with a ticket for a "*balcon piedra de sombra!*" The bull-fight, indeed, has ever been second in interest to the auto-da-fe alone, which was, par excellence, *le plus belle chose qu'il eut en Espagne.*



A BULL-FIGHT AT MADRID.

The sacrifice of the bull has always been mixed up with the religion of Rome and Spain—the time-honored Castilian title for which popular pastime, *fiestas de toros* (the feasts, festivals, holy-days of bulls), has in the English boxing term, bull-fight, a very low equivalent. The Spanish pay due deference to bulls, both papal and quadruped. Bull-fights pay no duty of Crusada; and CHARLES V., in 1523, classed them with acts of charity, "*en correr toro ó dar caridad.*" The country of LOYOLA holds to the Jesuitical doctrine that the end justifies the means.

In the *Historia de Avila* is found the first mention of a bull-fight, celebrated in 1107 at Avila, on the marriage of BLASCO MUNOS, at which Moors and Christians mutually contended. They soon extended over Spain, and the laws of the "duelo," as the combat was termed, were regulated with chivalrous punctilio; none but those of gentle blood were permitted to engage; the Moorish **Musa**, **Malique**, etc., are chronicled in tauromachian ballads; they found worthy compeers in the Cid Campeador and **Pizarro**, the conqueror of Peru.

Under the rule of **Philip** V. the despotism of fashion caused the decline of the *noble* bull-fight, which had heretofore withstood the influence of **Isabella** and the interdiction of popes. Bull-fights, however, were not wholly discontinued; but **Philip** V. succeeded in changing the fashion, and giving a lower tone to the spectacle. **Charles** III., too, had an aversion for these games, which were celebrated on his entry into Madrid in 1760, and would have prohibited them, but public opinion prevailed over the royal edicts.

At the close of the last century **Charles** IV. renewed and more energetically enforced the prohibition announced by **Charles** III. But nothing could destroy the national passion. When the French usurper arrived at Madrid the absorbing subject of inquiry was whether he would renew or suppress the bull-fight. Lovers of the sport, however, were soon re-assured. King **Joseph**, as a bid for popularity, hastened in person to these too popular divertisements, and under the French rule bull-fights re-appeared over all Spain.

Bull-fights begin about the 1st of April, and continue through the spring and summer months. Monday is the day selected for these national sports—a time which is during the season of bull-fights a kind of holiday, or, more correctly, a Saturnalia—called in Madrid the *dia de toros*. Formerly the price of seats, compared with the wages of labor, was excessive, but now the government has graduated the scale of prices to suit all pockets. The best places in the boxes cost about one dollar; *a billete de sombra*, or ticket for the shady side in the amphitheatre, about fifty cents; the commonest places, next to the arena, and exposed to the sun, two reals.

The people of Madrid are to be seen in their element at a bull-fight; and there the combats appear to be conducted with greater ceremony than in any other city, Seville, Valencia, and Ronda no longer excepted. The Plaza of Madrid will hold eighteen thousand persons. This large open amphitheatre is not a remarkable building, but the effect when filled is very fine. It is situated a short distance from the Prado, and the gate of the Puerta de Alcala. In this geographical centre of the republic—a republic now, a kingdom yesterday—where caprice and absurdities, virtue and vices, reign, the fame of a rising matador is made or marred. The matador, or *espadas*, as the Spaniards term the slayer, is the most important personage of the performance. In the last act of the tauromachian tragedy this great artist must stand face to face with the bull in the presence of inexorable judges, and with firm hand, eye, and nerve, kill the bull according to tauromachian precedent, else undergo the entire vocabulary of abuse which the Spanish tongue so abundantly supplies.

The illustration on page 741 represents a bull-fight which took place recently at the Plaza de Toros at Madrid. On the centre of the west side is the official box, where the authorities are seated; on the same tier are the boxes of the grandees, filled with fashionable spectators.

The commencement of the performance was signalized by the entrance of the toreros in procession, preceded by mounted alguacils, or officers of police, dressed in the ancient Spanish costume of the time of **Philip** II. After proceeding around the arena and across the lists, the combatants bowed to the official party and returned; a flourish of trumpets and drums announced that the spectacle was about to begin. Amidst deafening applause the president from his box threw gracefully down to the chief of the alguacils the enormous key that opened the toril where the bull was kept.

The door flew open, and the bull dashed headlong, with blind rage and violence, into the arena. Amazed at the novelty of his position, the animal halted a moment; then catching sight of the alguacil riding off at a gallop, he rushed upon horse and rider with closed eyes and lowered horns. Fortunately the alguacil was mounted upon a fine and spirited animal: quick as lightning the steed turned at the touch, and escaped the deadly rush.

Then the enraged animal attacked in succession the picadors: in a short conflict that ensued three horses were stretched lifeless upon the ground, leaving the dismounted and disarmed riders exposed to imminent danger. The chulos, or foot combatants, however, drew away the attention of the animal by dashing before his eyes a glittering scarf. These new assailants had need of all their practiced agility. Occasionally the bull gave chase, and they could only save themselves by leaping the barriers. The evolutions of this consummate band were the most graceful and exciting part of the exhibition, and elicited tumultuous applause. Another steed was urged on to an encounter with the bull, only to share the fate of his companions. Again the bull charged at a fifth horse and rider, and disemboweled the steed with his fatal horn; the picador fell heavily on the ground. The plaudits were deafening.

Finally the signal was given; an accomplished matador in full court dress entered the ring by a secret door, and bowing low to the president, threw down his cap in token of respect; then facing his terrific adversary, who was standing alone in the now cleared arena, he shook a red cloak suspended on a drawn sword. The bull made a violent charge, the mantle fell over his face, the bright Toledo blade entered the neck to the hilt, and he fell instantaneously, amidst the plaudit shouts of the spectators. A gayly decorated car drawn by mules ornamented with bells and streamers now appeared and bore off the body in triumph, which act closed the day's sport.

As the horses are doomed to an almost certain death, only very lean, aged, and diseased ones are employed, which can be purchased for a low price. It follows, then, that the picadors are always badly mounted, and their danger proportionally increased. To urge his steed forward and force him upon the bull, the picador wears strong spurs armed with long rowels. The wretched creatures are driven blindfold, without aught to protect them, to inevitable slaughter, and destined only to exhaust the bull's fury and vigor. This laceration of the horses, which seems to excite no pity among the Spaniards, constitutes the most revolting part of the exhibition.

PARIS SKETCHES.

On page 740 will be found another interesting series of sketches, illustrating characteristic features of life in Paris. Much that was once peculiar to that city is passing away under the influence of modern improvements and the introduction of English ways and ideas. Even twenty years ago these influences were beginning to be felt, and a series of sketches called "Passing Away" appeared in an illustrated work on Paris. Still many of the old features remain. Artisans, as a rule, still wear the distinctive trade dress. We still find the water-carrier hawking pails of water through the streets, and laboring up to the topmost stories of houses with this indispensable article of domestic economy. Here and there we may see the marionnette theatres in full play, for the amusement of grown people as well as children. We still see pretty and genteel-looking young women acting as book-keepers and cashiers in places of business. Sometimes the head of a large counting-house is a woman, generally somewhat advanced in life. Even the shoe-blacking business is not confined to men or boys. To accommodate the great Sunday exodus from the city in summer, when half the population goes into the country for a few hours' holiday, the railway excursion cars are fitted up with seats on the top, affording a good view and plenty of air.

BASE-BALL IN ENGLAND.

We take from the London *Sportsman* the following account of the base-ball match played at Lord's Cricket Grounds, London, on the 3d of August, between the Boston Red Stockings and the Philadelphia Athletics. Our illustration on page 733 is engraved from a sketch made on the spot for *Harper's Weekly* by Mr. **Abner Crossman**. The play, says the *Sportsman*, "was far from the best form of the American nines; in fact, the high scoring of the Bostonians was a sufficient proof that something was radically wrong and not in accordance with its usual associations. This fault, as was advanced by good judges of the game, was owing to the size of the ground, which is far in excess of those used for the same purpose in their own country. This, however, must have proved equally derogatory to each side, and there is not the slightest doubt that the Red Stockings, or Boston team, won fairly on their merits. Of the victorious side, **Barnes**, at second base, was remarkably agile and quick with the ball, as was also H. **Wright**; but the credit of having retained the most difficult chance was allowed to **George Wright**. With the bat **Spaulding** and **M'Vey** were decidedly the most efficacious, the former making four runs for only one out, while the last-named achieved almost as great a success by attaining three for a single out. The Athletics, as compared with their opponents, were very loose in the field; in this department **M'Mullen** at centre field and **Sutton** at third base being by far the most expert. For batting **Anson** deserves a word of praise; but **Battin**, of whom great things were anticipated, did not come off at all well. The nine innings were got through in two hours and ten minutes, resulting in an easy victory for the Boston club by 24 runs to 7." The full score is appended:

ATHLETICS.

	Outs.	Runs.
M'Mullen, C.F.	3	1
M'Geary, S.S.	3	1
Anson, F.B.	2	1
M'Bride, P.	3	1
Murnan, R.F.	3	1
Battin, S.B.	2	1
Sutton, T.B.	4	1
Clapp, C.	4	0
Gedney, L.F.	3	0

BOSTON.

	Outs.	Runs.
G. Wright, S.S.	3	4
Barnes, S.B.	3	4
Spaulding, P.	1	4
M'Vey, C.	1	3
Leonard, L.F.	4	2
O'Rourke, F.B.	4	2
H. Wright, C.F.	4	1
Hall, R.F.	4	1
Schaffer, T.B.	3	3

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNING.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Athletics	3	0	0	0	1	1	1	0	1	7
Boston	3	7	4	0	5	0	5	0	0	24

Umpire—Mr. **Thomas Beales**, of the Boston Club.
Time of game—2 hours 10 minutes.
Bases by errors—Boston 9 times, Athletics 1 time.
Runs earned—Athletics 6, Boston 11.

In connection with our full-page "Base-Ball" illustration in this Number, we would refer our readers to **Peck & Snyder**'s adv. This enterprising firm have established an agency for their goods at Messrs. **Jefferies & Malings**, 1 Lower Wood St., Woolwich, London, England.—[*Com.*]

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25 Cash Gifts,	4,000 each	100,000
30 Cash Gifts,	3,000 each	90,000
50 Cash Gifts,	2,000 each	100,000
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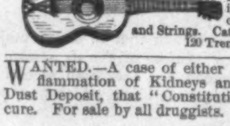

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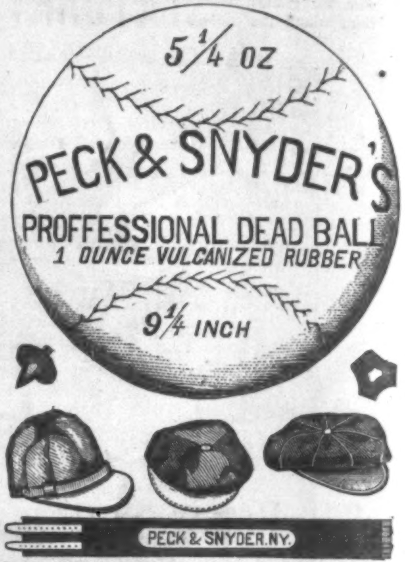

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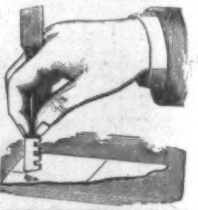

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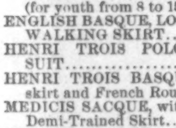

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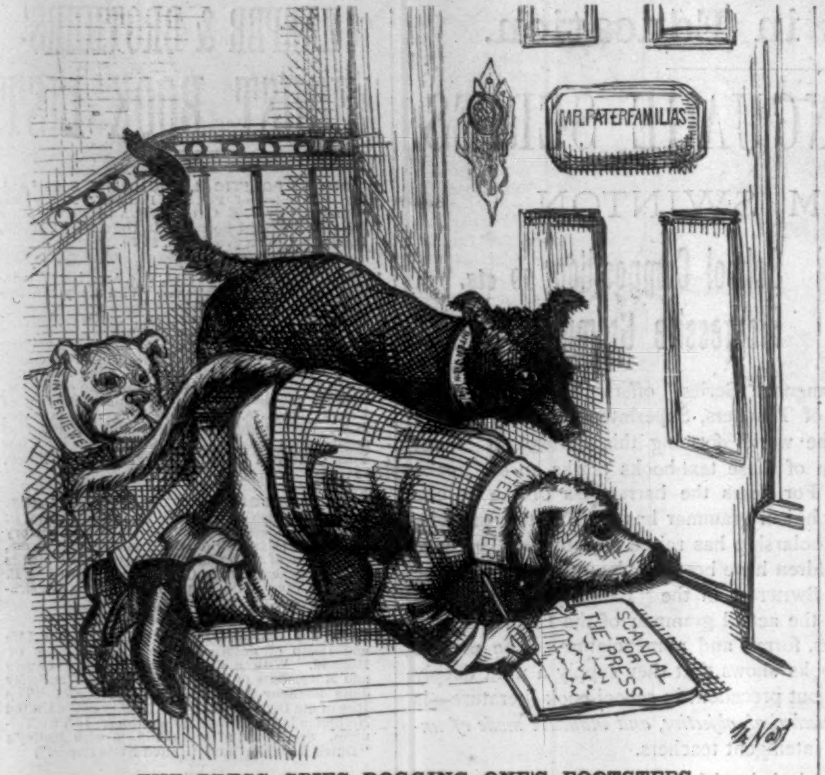

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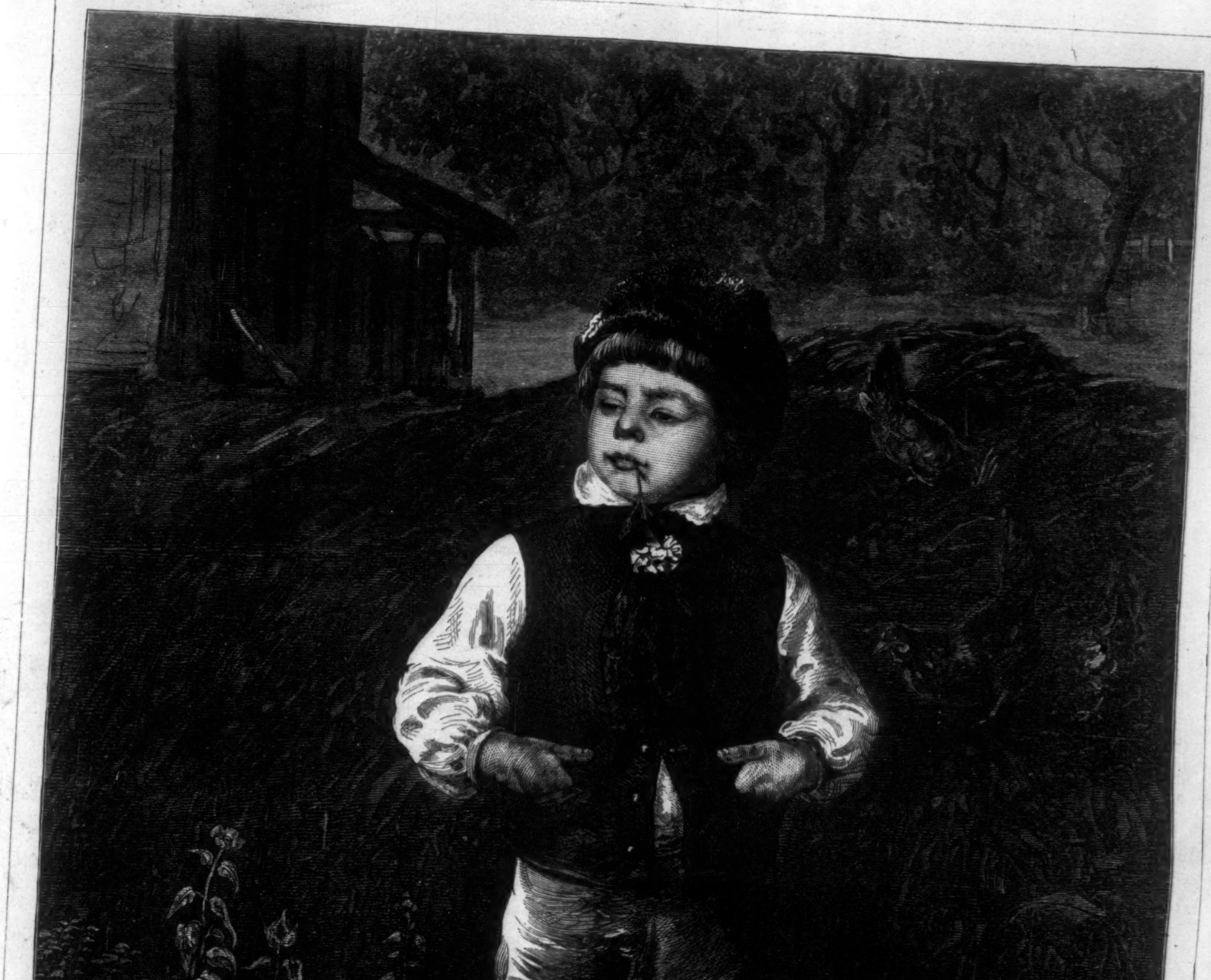
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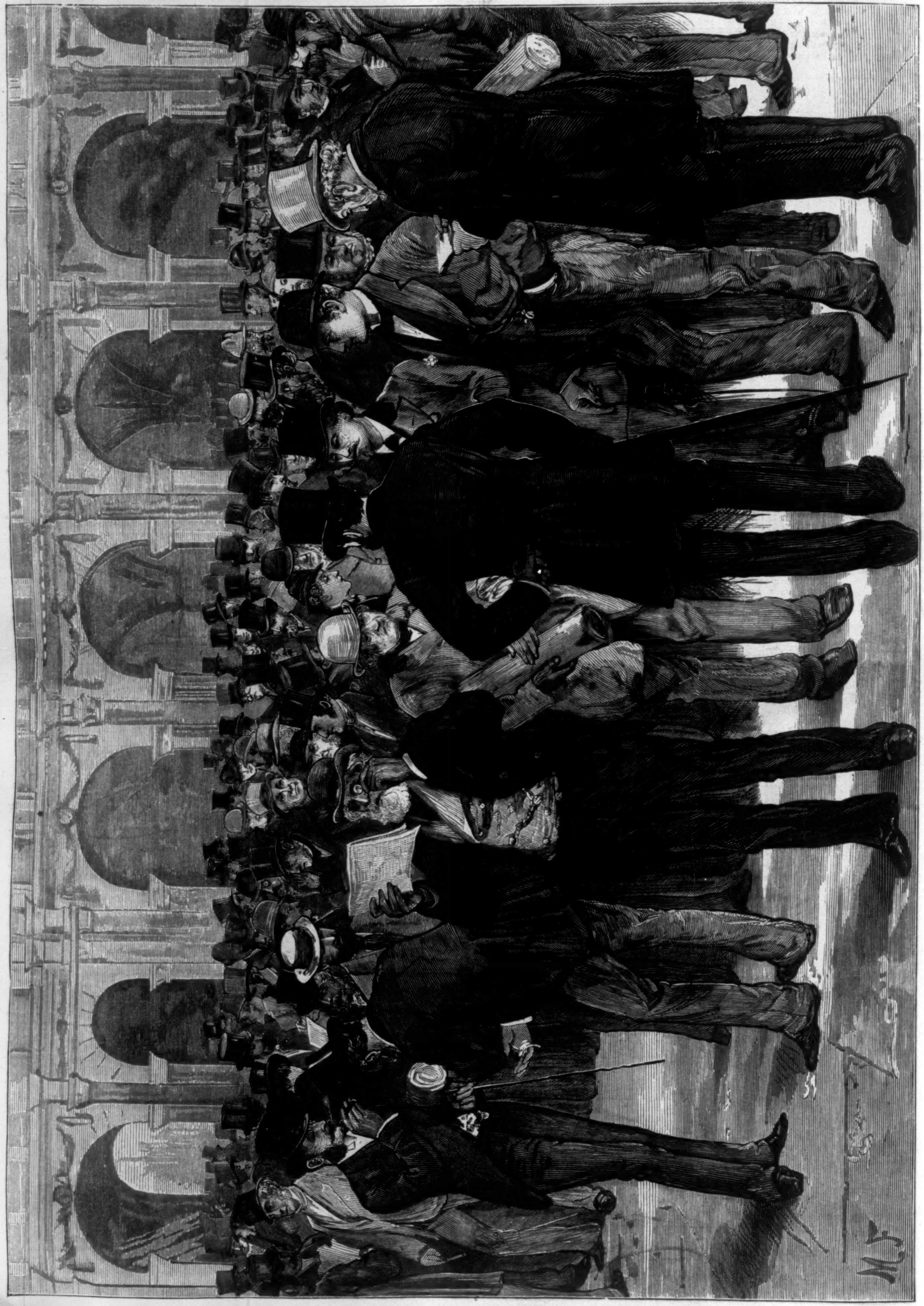

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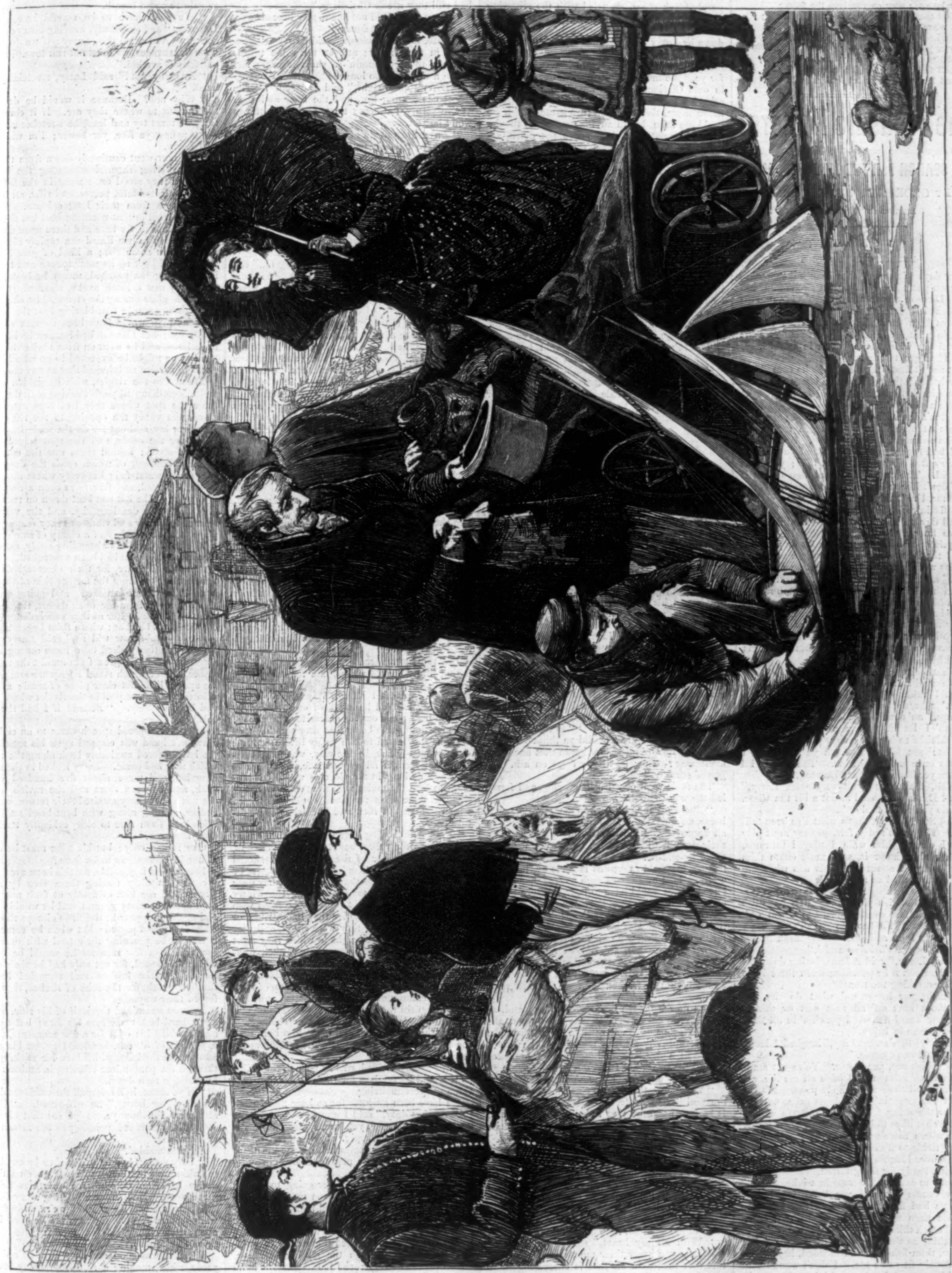

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THE LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET.

The "Exchange Flags," at Liverpool, is the name for a paved space between the Town-hall and the Exchange, surrounded on three sides by the arcades of the last-mentioned building. Here a bronze group of statues, representing **Nelson**, Britannia, Fame, and Death, is constantly exhibiting a theatrical performance that should inspire the cotton jobbers with noble sentiments of patriotic and heroic virtue. Whether this moral effect is actually produced in their minds by the elaborate artistic allegory cast in twenty-two tons of metal is a good deal more than we should like to say. But it may safely be affirmed that they are not men of soul so dead as to regard with abject indifference the prospect of a rise of three-eighths of a farthing per pound in the current price either of Sea Island or of Surat, or of any middling quality. In Manchester, as well as in Liverpool, it is by the buying and selling of the raw material to advantage, not by the manufacture of yarns and cloths, that the ambitious man of business hopes to make his fortune speedily; and this operation has sometimes been carried on with immense success in times when the spindles and looms were standing idle.

As the grand dépôt of American, Indian, Egyptian, and every other cotton for the world's market, Liverpool commands a share of whatever is got by spinning and weaving the fleecy fibre in most of the factories in Europe. One consequence of this commercial position is the presence, among those assembled on certain days at the Exchange, of gentlemen of diverse nations—Englishmen and Scotchmen, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Swiss, Germans, Italians, and Greeks, with not a few Americans from New York or New Orleans, each keeping a keen eye to the requirements of his own particular mercantile connection. The brokers, who are ready to buy or sell for any body on commission, show the greatest activity in quest of employment. Bargains to the amount of thousands of pounds sterling are concluded in three minutes' talk, for every man is presumed to know his own mind, or that of his principal, without need of further deliberation. No written agreement passes between the parties, but each of them may, if he pleases, jot down the amount of their transaction, five hundred bales of Wallamulla at tenpence-halfpenny, or whatever it be, in his little pocket-book, to be entered in the diary at his counting-house after luncheon. It rarely happens that there is any dispute afterward, though neither party has a witness to call. A sense of honor which is derived wholly from social considerations of their common interest will prevent even an individual rogue from breaking his word on the Exchange Flags. They are unanimous at least in this—that they *cotton* to each other.